

# THE "EXPRESS."

NEXT week we purpose inaugurating several needed changes in the dress and make up of the newspaper, which, together with personal supervision of the selection of the week's news and a fearless dealing with the political questions of the day, will make the "Express" a necessity in every family.

## AGENTS

Will probably canvass the county during the next two months.

## Business Cards.

**Alex. C. Davis,**  
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Napanee  
Ontario.

**James Aylsworth,**  
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Tamworth.

**S. D. Clarke,**  
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Odessa,  
Ontario.

**J. J. Watson,**  
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Certificates, Adolphustown.

**Peter E. R. Miller,**  
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Switzerland Ont.

**Robert Graham,**  
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Office  
In the Dominion Store, Enterprise.

**Charles Lane,**  
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Certificates. Office—Front of Grammar School, Bridge Street, Napanee.

**J. B. Randall,**  
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Certificates. Also Agent for the Beaver and Toronto Fire Insurance Company and the Mutual Life Association of Canada. Residence—Shannonville, Ont.

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# NAPANEE

W. C. SCOTT, Editor.)

"THE GREATEST

VOL. 16.

NAPANEE, ONT.

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Notice of the Press.

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## Poetry.

### The Old Clock.

O, the old, old clock, of the household is  
Was the brightest thing and neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had touch of gold  
And its chimes rang still the sweetest.  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were  
Yet they lived, though nations altered  
And its voice, still strong, warned old and  
When the voice of friendship faltered.  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed  
For ten I've given warning;  
Up and go, or else you know.  
You'll never rise soon in the morning.

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And blessed the time with a merry chim  
The winter hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome  
As it called at the daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn looked gray on the misty  
And the early air blew coldly;  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never get up, you'll never get  
Unless you're up soon in the morning.

Still hourly the clock goes round and 'round  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for bright days fled  
And the old friends lost forever;  
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone  
That warmer beat and younger;  
Its hands still move, though hands we lose  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard  
The grave hath given warning;  
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for the heavenly morning

## Literature.

## THE LILY OF ST. EF

BY L. CROW.

### CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THAT THE TRAVELLER  
NEITHER LOIGED AT RUAN ABBE  
AT JENIFER MADRON'S.

By the brisk little woman who an  
his summons, Max was informed t  
family was from home. The mas  
gone to Penzance to attend a meet  
an archeological society, and had  
the mistress with him and Miss E  
and they would be away for a we  
tain, if not longer.

On the whole, Max was more r  
than sorry that his interview i  
postponed with the redoubtable  
man, whose name had never been  
tioned in his hearing without a sh  
an exclamation, the precise mea  
which he had not been able to  
People a charge of spreading evil  
when the object of them is inn  
wealthy and revengeful; and it w  
understood that it was an unwise  
offend Squire Penruan.

"No, I'll not leave my name,  
said, when the young woman  
charge of the Abbey suggested it.  
a stranger here, and prefer to int  
myself to Mr. Penruan when he  
home. I am told that the neig  
hood is very picturesque, so I'll  
myself with the exploring it. I s  
I can get a bed in the village? I  
bye, where is it?—I have not see  
signs of it yet?"

The housekeeper, who was attra  
Max's handsome face and lively m  
would dearly have liked to offer hi  
hospitality of the Abbey till her

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W. A. REEVE, M. A., L. MORDEN.  
Co. Crown Attorney.

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**OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE,** under New Act of 1875.  
Office in H. M. Deroche's Law Office.

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BY L. CROW.

## CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THAT THE TRAVELLER NEITHER LOIGED AT RUAN ABBEY, AT JENIFER MADRON'S.

By the brisk little woman who answers his summons, Max was informed the family was from home. The master gone to Penzance to attend a meeting an archeological society, and had the mistress with him and Miss Ele and they would be away for a week tain, if not longer.

On the whole, Max was more real than sorry that his interview must be postponed with the redoubtable gentleman, whose name had never been mentioned in his hearing without a shrill exclamation, the precise meaning which he had not been able to tell. People are a chary of spreading evil when the object of them is immensely wealthy and revengeful; and it was understood that it was an unwise affair Squire Penruan.

"No, I'll not leave my name," said, when the young woman's charge of the Abbey suggested it. "a stranger here, and prefer to intrude myself to Mr. Penruan when he returns. I am told that the neighborhood is very picturesque, so I'll amuse myself with the exploring it. I suppose I can get a bed in the village? By the way, where is it?—I have not seen signs of it yet?"

The housekeeper, who was attracted by Max's handsome face and lively manner, would dearly have liked to offer him hospitality of the Abbey till her name came back, but she dare not do this was obliged to content herself with plaining that there were not any nearer than the few cottages grouped around a rugged promontory, a half a mile away, called St. E Point. Just beyond the point, how there lived a decent widow, named Mrs. Iron, who sometimes accommodated or invalids, and the gentleman might be able to get a bed at her house.

"Of course I shall!" said Max, fully; "for it is to this identical old I am recommended. I am sorry I kept you out in the cold so long. I will tell me how to find my way to Erne, I'll not detain you any longer."

The housekeeper looked out into misty twilight, and cogitated.

"I'm afraid, sir, you'll have to find the road, though it's more than a round, for, you see, it's growing dusk, and even in broad daylight, the down the cliff is steep and awkward any one that's not used to it. If one of the men were at home they could guide you, but they're all away to fair at—"

"Tell me where this path is found," said Max, "and I'll go and look at it. I've walked so many to-day, that I'm not in the humor add another to the number, if I can it."

The woman gave him the necessary directions, coupling with them an anecdote that he would find the longest and the safest; then shivering in the rain of the cold spring evening, she went back to her cosy room; while whistling a lively air, shouldered his travelling-bag, and strode to the edge of the cliffs, on whose summit the Abbey was built.

A tiny track, scarcely discernible by fading light, sloped downwards between two huge masses of serpentine rock; after descending cautiously for some paces, a sudden turn in the path enabled him to obtain a very pretty view of beach far below him. He could hear measured beat of the waves as they ran upon the shingle, and the voices of half a dozen fishermen, who, as strolled home together, were intoning a chanting old sea-song with excellent effect. Half unconsciously, Max hummed the chorus, as, mellowed by the distance, it came floating toward him, not a thought of danger troubled his hardy spirit while he pursued his way, and never doubting that every



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tency, and all  
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25-11. F. BEZO.

a man a mine away, called St. Lawrence Point. Just beyond the point, howe-  
ver lived a decent widow, named Ma-  
xon, who sometimes accommodated ar-  
or invalids, and the gentleman might  
able to get a bed at her house.  
"Of course I shall!" said Max, ch-  
fully; "for it is to this identical old  
I am recommended. I am sorry I  
kept you out in the cold so long. If  
will tell me how to find my way to  
Erne, I'll not detain you any longer."  
The house-keeper looked out into  
misty twilight, and cogitated.  
"I'm afraid, sir, you'll have to fol-  
low the road, though it's more than a  
round, for, you see, it's growing dusk  
and, even in broad daylight, the  
down the cliff is steep and awkward,  
any one that's not used to it. If  
of the men were at home they co-  
guide you, but they're all away to-  
fair at—"  
"Tell me where this path is to  
found," said Max, "and I'll go and  
look at it. I've walked so many m-  
to-day, that I'm not in the humour  
add another to the number, if I can  
it."  
The woman gave him the neces-  
sary directions, coupling with them an  
assurance that he would find the longest r-  
the safest; then shivering in the raw  
of the cold spring evening, she w-  
back to her cosy room; while M-  
whistling a lively air, shouldered his li-  
tarvelly bag, and strode to the edge  
the cliffs, on whose summit the Ab-  
was built.  
A tiny track, scarcely discernible by  
fading light, sloped downwards bet-  
two huge masses of serpentine rock;  
after descending cautiously for some  
paces, a sudden turn in the path enal-  
him to obtain a very pretty view of  
beach far below him. He could hear  
measured beat of the waves as they ro-  
in upon the shingle, and the voices o-  
half a dozen fishermen, who, as t-  
strolled home together, were cha-  
chanting an old sea-song with excel-  
effect. Half unconsciously, Max h-  
ryng hummed the chorus, as, mello-  
by the distance, it came floating tow-  
him, not a thought of danger troub-  
his hardy spirit while he pursued  
way, and never doubting that every  
was carrying him nearer and nearer  
the lights that were beginning to twi-  
in the fishers' dwellings.  
But presently, to his great vexation  
found all further progress barred by  
steep descent, so precipitous that it  
impossible to obtain good hold. He  
evidently contrived to diverge from  
regular track, and must retrace his  
to the spot where he had left it—no  
pleasing prospect to a weary man, wh-  
unacquainted with the locality, and  
further bewildered by the deeper  
gloom. Yet, unhesitatingly, Max p-  
ded on, sometimes stumbling over  
sharp crags, sometimes ascending, so-  
times descending, till once more he  
on a projection, from which the be-  
and the sea were distinctly visible.  
With an impatient sigh, he leaned  
back against the cliff, and rested aw-  
In spite of his dogged perseverance, he  
not flatter himself that he had regai-  
the track, and the question now  
whether it would be easier to go d-  
or up before it became too dark to acc-  
plish either. It was decided for  
more speedily than pleasantly. As  
stepped forward to examine the face  
the heights that towered above him  
stone, on which he had too incauti-  
stepped, rolled from under his foot,  
Max lost his equilibrium. He tried  
to regain it, but so narrow was the  
on which he had been standing, that  
was impossible. Still he did not l-  
his presence of mind, but, as he r-  
over and over, grasped at whatever m-  
assist in breaking his fall, and finally  
trived to clutch a mass of rock, to w-  
he clung, bruised and panting, utter  
hoarse cries for help, which no one h-  
but the wild birds his voice startled f-  
their sleep.

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## Poetry.

### The Old Clock.

O, the old, old clock, of the household stock,  
Was the brightest thing and neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had touch of gold,  
And its chimes rang still the sweetest.  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived, though nations altered,  
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,  
When the voice of friendship faltered.  
"Tick tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed,  
For ten I've given warnings;  
Up up and go, or else you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And blessed the time with a merry chime,  
The winter hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at the daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn looked grey on the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly;  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed,  
For five I've given warnings;  
You'll never get health, you'll never get wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the clock goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost forever;  
Its heart beats on, though heart's are gone,  
That warmer beat and younger;  
Its hands still move, though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard bed,  
The grave hath given warnings;  
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for the heavenly morning."

## Literature.

### THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY L. CROW.

#### CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THAT THE TRAVELLER WAS NEITHER LOGGED AT RUAN ABBEY, NOR AT JENIFER MADRON'S.

By the brisk little woman who answered his summons, Max was informed that the family was from home. The master had gone to Penzance to attend a meeting of an archaeological society, and had taken the mistress with him and Miss Eleanor, and they would be away for a week certain, if not longer.

On the whole, Max was more relieved than sorry that his interview must be postponed with the redoubtable gentleman, whose name had never been mentioned in his hearing without a shrug or an exclamation, the precise meaning of which he had not been able to learn. People are chary of spreading evil reports when the object of them is immensely wealthy and revengeful; and it was well understood that it was an unwise act to offend Squire Penruan.

"No, I'll not leave my name," Max said, when the young woman left in charge of the Abbey suggested it. "I am a stranger here, and prefer to introduce myself to Mr. Penruan when he returns home. I am told that the neighbourhood is very picturesque, so I'll amuse myself with the exploring it. I suppose I can get a bed in the village? By-the-by, where is it?—I have not seen any signs of it yet?"

The housekeeper, who was attracted by Max's handsome face and lively manner, would doubtless have liked to offer him the

He made desperate efforts to raise himself on to the rock, but his arms had lost their power, and one of his ankles gave him exquisite pain. He could not hold on much longer, unless some one came to his aid, and who would—nay, who could? Even if it had been light enough for any one on the beach to descry him, it would have been impossible to render any efficient help, for his wanderings had carried him to one of the most inaccessible parts of the cliffs.

And yet he was so near one of the cottages, a quaint little structure, perched on a small three-cornered bit of level ground and approached from the beach by some rudely-cut steps, that he could hear a female voice singing "The Sands of Dee." Strange thoughts were evoked by the plaintive song. Would any one seek for him, as they sought for the golden-haired Mary? Would his final resting-place be those hungry waters, whose ceaseless lapping now sounded so near, or would his mangled remains moulder in some cleft of these darkly-veined cliffs, and no one ever learn his untimely fate?

A sob burst from his labouring chest, and he made one more mighty effort to raise himself. Once on the summit of this projection, he would be in comparative safety until the morning dawned, when his shout or signals would surely bring some one to the rescue; but the effort was in vain, and he felt that he was rapidly growing exhausted.

And yet, oh, heavens! he was so young to die—and to die thus! He glanced upward; the stars were beginning to pierce the veil of night, and look down upon him. Was it in mockery, or to teach him resignation? He knew not, for his relaxing hands were slowly, surely slipping from their hold; he felt that he was falling—not as before, from crag to crag, but down, down in one swift rush; and then he remembered no more, but lost himself in a troubled vision, wherein he wandered in the primeval forests of America, pursued by Indians, whose arrows were being launched at his quivering flesh.

It last his tormentors vanished, and he awoke from the long trance of insensibility. But still those torturing pains were in his head and limbs, forcing from him a moan of agony.

It was echoed by a feminine voice, to which another, in sharper tones, murmured a rebuke; and then Max heard some one say, in a low thrilling accents, "I could not help it! He suffers so frightfully, it rends my heart to see him!"

"Take the child away," said someone else "his no fit sight for her."

"But I'll not be taken away, Uncle Dan!" replied the sweet, girlish voice, which was surely the same that Max had heard singing the plaintive ballad. "How can I be contented to leave him till he is easier? Don't sit by so calmly! Surely you can do something more for him?"

"Nay, nay, child; but I cannot," said the old man. "And wouldn't be of no use if I could. Tain't in nature that he should live, after falling from Ruan cliffs, as he must ha' done. I ha' set his broken leg—and let old Dannel Calynack alone for doing that as well as a town

How time sped on for the follow week or two he scarcely knew, for t injuries he had received in his fall w such serious ones that he was too ill raise himself from his pillow. But was conscious that a gray-haired, weath beaten old man, in the rough garb of fisherman, rarely left his side; and th once or twice a face, so far and sweet to be almost angelic, had bent over h as he lay. But when the feveri symptoms disappeared, and though we and helpless as a child, he was clea headed and capable of conversing rati ally once more, the cottage appear have no other inmate than the fish man, who sat on a low stool at the fo of the bed, repairing one of his nets,

"I am afraid I have given you a gre deal of trouble," said Max, the first tir he felt equal to open a conversation w the silent but pleasant-looking old Corni man.

"Nay, nay; not hafe so much as the dogfish, rot'em!" was the reply. "Look here, at the rents they ha' made in the meshes,—more nor I shall fill up in s other hour, I knows."

"I'll buy you a new net, if you'll on put that down, and talk to me. I ha so much to ask you," cried Max, eag ly.

"Talk away, lad, if it don't hurt 'e and keep your money in your pocket. don't want to be paid for listening."

"Tell me, then, how long have I be here?"

Dan put his thumb against his tee and mused.

"Ever sin' last Friday was a week."

"And how and where did you discov me?"

"How?—why, doubled up. Where? not a hundred yards from my own do I should have passed ye, though, for I my oars and my nets on my shoulder— coming up, I was, fro' the boat—if s hadn't a said—"

"Who is she?" interrupted Max.

"If she hadn't a said," the old man peated, "What's that a laying there, Unc Dan?" And then—"

"And then," his impatient hearer we on, "you brought me here, and ha nursed me most kindly ever since. G bless you for it! But who was it th first saw me?"

Dan threaded his huge needle wi coarse twine very deliberately before replied.

"Well, if you ha' answered the questi yoursen, why need I? Tain't my gran mer nor my great aunts that calls n uncle!"

"Then it was your niece to whom I a indebted. I should like to thank he Where is she?"

"Gone back to where she came from. 'If she hadn't a said,' the old man said the disappointed Max.

"Now and then she do," was th brief answer.

"Is it because I am here that she h left you?"

"Ain't you a talking more nor's got for you?" queried Dan, instead of repl ing to the question.

"If you think so why don't you answe more directly? Is it on my accou that your niece has quitted the cottag I am in the the way—if I am trespa



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## THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY L. CROW.

### CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THAT THE TRAVELLER WAS NEITHER LOIGED AT RUAN ABBEY, NOR AT JENIFER MADRON'S.

By the brisk little woman who answered his summons, Max was informed that the family was from home. The master had gone to Penzance to attend a meeting of an archeological society, and had taken the mistress with him and Miss Eleanor, and they would be away for a week certain, if not longer.

On the whole, Max was more relieved than sorry that his interview must be postponed with the redoubtable gentleman, whose name had never been mentioned in his hearing without a shrug or an exclamation, the precise meaning of which he had not been able to learn. People are a chary of spreading evil reports when the object of them is immensely wealthy and revengeful; and it was well understood that it was an unwise act to offend Squire Penruan.

"No, I'll not leave my name," Max said, when the young woman left in charge of the Abbey suggested it. "I am a stranger here, and prefer to introduce myself to Mr. Penruan when he returns home. I am told that the neighbourhood is very picturesque, so I'll amuse myself with the exploring it. I suppose I can get a bed in the village? By-the-by, where is it?—I have not seen any signs of it yet?"

The housekeeper, who was attracted by Max's handsome face and lively manner, would dearly have liked to offer him the hospitality of the Abbey till her master came back, but she dare not do this, and was obliged to content herself with explaining that there were not any houses nearer than the few cottages grouped on and around a rugged promontory, about a half a mile away, called St. Erne's Point. Just beyond the point, however, there lived a decent widow, named Madron, who sometimes accommodated artists or invalids, and the gentleman might be able to get a bed at her house.

"Of course I shall!" said Max, cheerfully; "for it is to this identical old lady I am recommended. I am sorry I have kept you out in the cold so long. If you will tell me how to find my way to St. Erne, I'll not detain you any longer."

The housekeeper looked out into the misty twilight, and cogitated.

"I'm afraid, sir, you'll have to follow the road, though it's more than a mile round, for, you see, it's growing duskish; and, even in broad daylight, the path down the cliff is steep and awkward, for any one that's not used to it. If either of the men were at home they could guide you, but they're all away to the fair at—"

"Tell me where this path is to be found," said Max, "and I'll go and have a look at it. I've walked so many miles to-day, that I'm not in the humour to add another to the number, if I can help it."

The woman gave him the necessary directions, coupling with them an assurance that he would find the longest route the safest; then shivering in the raw air of the cold spring evening, she went back to her cosy room; while Max, whistling a lively air, shouldered his little travelling-bag, and strode to the edge of the cliffs, on whose summit the Abbey was built.

A tiny track, scarcely discernible by the fading light, sloped downwards between two huge masses of serpentine rock; and after descending cautiously for some fifty paces, a sudden turn in the path enabled him to obtain a very pretty view of the beach far below him. He could hear the measured beat of the waves as they rolled in upon the shingle, and the voices of a half a dozen fishermen, who, as they strolled home together, were lustily chanting an old sea-song with excellent effect. Half unconsciously, Max Haverly hummed the chorus, as, mellowed by the distance, it came floating towards him, not a thought of danger troubling

to die—and to die thus! He glanced upward; the stars were beginning to pierce the veil of night, and look down upon him. Was it in mockery, or to teach him resignation? He knew not, for his relaxing hands were slowly, surely slipping from their hold; he felt that he was falling—not as before, from crag to crag, but down, down in one swift rush; and then he remembered no more, but lost himself in a troubled vision, wherein he wandered in the primeval forests of America, pursued by Indians, whose arrows were being launched at his quivering flesh.

It last his tormentors vanished, and he awoke from the long trance of insensibility. But still those torturing pains were in his head and limbs, forcing from him a moan of agony.

It was echoed by a feminine voice, to which another, in sharper tones, murmured a rebuke; and then Max heard some one say, in a low thrilling accents, "I could not help it! He suffers so frightfully, it rends my heart to see him!"

"Take the child away!" said someone else "his no fit sight for her."

"But I'll not be taken away, Uncle Dan!" replied the sweet, girlish voice, which was surely the same that Max had heard singing the plaintive ballad. "How can I be contented to leave him till he is easier? Don't sit by so calmly! Surely you can do something more for him?"

"Nay, nay, child; but I cannot," said the old man. "And 'twouldn't be of no use if I could. T'ain't in nature that he should live, after falling from Ruau cliffs, as he must ha' done. I ha' set his broken leg—and let old Dannel Calynack alone for doing that as well as a town surgeon—and we can't do no more."

"Only stand here and see him writhe with suffering! Oh! but it is too terrible!" sighed the girl. "Why did you you not let me send for Doctor Treloar? It is not too late to do that now. Dear Uncle Dan, pray go and seek some one who will do my errand, and I will pay them handsomely!"

"Nay," said the other female; "Doctor Treloar must not come here; you are mad to propose it! Let the stranger be carried hence, if he must have further advice."

"What!" cried the girl, indignantly; "jolted over miles of rough road in a cart, to die, perhaps on the way; or else consigned to the stifling hovel and rude hands of one of the fishwives! I will not hear of such barbarity! It was I who saw the stranger fall, as I ran to meet Uncle Dan; but for this, he might have lain helpless and untended till the morning; and having found him, it is plainly our duty to take care of him till he recovers, or—"

She could not bring her self to name the alternative; but her reasoning was not convincing to her companion, who answered with great significance.

"In ordinary cases I shall agree with you, but there are your own risks to be considered. Do you quite forget these?"

"I cannot always be thinking of myself!" was the hasty reply; "nor will I let any personal consideration teach me to be unfeeling."

The elder female commenced a tart response; but ere she had uttered half a dozen reproachful words, the old fisherman, who has designated himself as Dannel Calynack, gravely interferred.

"Do 'ee be quiet! Esther, wench; there's no harm done by letting the child have her way, for the poor lad's a'most at St. last. Let 'un die in peace, my soas—let 'un die in peace!"

Max heard the girlish voice breath an inarticulate murmur, half sigh, half sob; and, in spite of his aches and pains, he longed to be able to relieve her of her generous anxiety on his account. If he could but shake off the numbing faintness that prevailed every sense, how gladly would he reassure her!

"Poor youth!" said the elder female, approaching his prostrate form, and speaking with more pity than she had hitherto evinced. "Dan is right; he will not trouble us much longer; he is dying."

and mused.

"Ever sin' last Friday was a week."

"And how and where did you discover me?"

"How?—why, doubled up. Where?—not a hundred yards from my own door I should have passed ye, though, for I'm oars and my nets on my shoulder—a coming up, I was, fro' the boat—if sh hadn't a said—"

"Who is she?" interrupted Max.

"If she hadn't a said," the old man repeated, "What's that a laying there, Uncle Dan?" And then—

"And then," his impatient hearer went on, "you brought me h're, and have nursed me most kindly ever since. Go bless you for it! But who was it that first saw me?"

Dan threaded his huge needle with coarse twine very deliberately before he replied.

"Well, if you ha' answered the question yourself, why need I? T'ain't my grand mer nor my great aunts that calls m' uncle!"

"Then it was your niece to whom I am indebted. I should like to thank her. Where is she?"

"Gone back to where she came from! Then she does not live with you?" said the disappointed Max.

"Nows and then she do," was the brief answer.

"Is it because I am here that she has left you?"

"Ain't you a-talking more nor's good for you?" queried Dan, instead of replying to the question.

"If you think so why don't you answer me more directly? Is it on my account that your niece has quitted the cottage? If I am in the way—if I am trespassing too long on your hospitality—pray tell me so at once!"

"Nay, lad," said Dan, coming to his bedside. "You're as welcome as a fair wind; and be loath to let ye go till I've cured ye out and out! The child wench because Esther said it was best for her and now ye meant ask me no more questions about her, for I sha'n't answer them! It's time ye had something to eat and I mun go and cook it."

"I dare say old Dan is quite right to keep his pretty niece out of my way," Max concluded; "for if she is as charming as she seemed to me when I was ha' delirious, I should certainly not be able to resist falling in love with her. Still I should like to see her at once again, if only to ascertain whether my eyes played me false when they pictured her so beautiful."

That she had not removed to any great distance he felt convinced, for every evening he heard the rustle of feminine garments, and the whispering of voices in the little kitchen adjoining his chamber; and dainty dishes were served up to him, as his appetite improved, which certainly surpassed old Dan's culinary skill to concoct. Yet neither the female called Esther, nor the gentle girl who had so generously compassionated his sufferings, came near him; and, having nothing else to do, he gave way more and more to the curiosity that tormented him.

(To be Continued.)

### An Extraordinary Suicide.

A BROTHER'S INEFFECTUAL STRUGGLES.

As mentioned in Monday evening's edition, a joiner named Louis Lalumiere 48 years of age, jumped into the river at St. Mary's current, Montreal, and was drowned. The circumstances of this suicide are most remarkable. Deceased was a sufferer from epileptic fits, and getting into a despondent condition, went yesterday to his brother and said: "I am going to drown myself." The brother thought he was not altogether serious, but concluded to follow him. On seeing him enter St. Peter's Church, in Visitation street (where deceased went to make his last prayer on earth), the brother thought all was right, and lost sight of him for a few minutes. However, deceased on coming out of the church walked rapidly toward the river, but being seen by the brother, he was hastily pursued. The doomed man had reached

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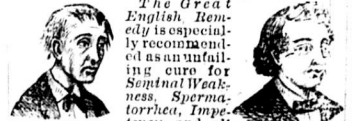
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and around a rugged promontory, about a half a mile away, called St. Erne's Point. Just beyond the point, however, there lived a decent widow, named Madron, who sometimes accommodated artists or invalids, and the gentleman might be able to get a bed at her house.

"Of course I shall!" said Max, cheerfully; "for it is to this identical old lady I am recommended. I am sorry I have kept you out in the cold so long. If you will tell me how to find my way to St. Erne, I'll not detain you any longer."

The housekeeper looked out into the misty twilight, and cogitated.

"I'm afraid, sir, you'll have to follow the road, though it's more than a mile round, for, you see, it's growing duskish; and, even in broad daylight, the path down the cliff is steep and awkward for any one that's not used to it. If either of the men were at home they could guide you, but they're all away to the fair at—"

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But presently, to his great vexation, he found all further progress barred by a steep descent, so precipitous that it was impossible to obtain good hold. He had evidently contrived to diverge from the regular track, and must retrace his way to the spot where he had left it—no very pleasing prospect to a weary man, wholly unacquainted with the locality, and still further bewildered by the deepening gloom. Yet, unhesitatingly, Max plodded on, sometimes stumbling over the sharp crags, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, till once more he stood on a projection, from which the beach and the sea were distinctly visible.

With an impatient sigh, he leaned his back against the cliff, and rested awhile. In spite of his dogged perseverance, he did not flatter himself that he had regained the track, and the question now was whether it would be easier to go down or up before it became too dark to accomplish either. It was decided for him more speedily than pleasantly. As he stepped forward to examine the face of the heights that towered above him, a stone, on which he had too incautiously stepped, rolled from under his foot, and Max lost his equilibrium. He tried hard to regain it, but so narrow was the ledge on which he had been standing, that it was impossible. Still he did not lose his presence of mind, but, as he rolled over and over, grasped at whatever might assist in breaking his fall, and finally contrived to clutch a mass of rock, to which he clung, bruised and panting, uttering hoarse cries for help, which no one heard but the wild birds his voice startled from their sleep.

It is not too late to do that now. Dear Uncle Dan, pray go and seek some one who will do my errand, and I will pay them handsomely!"

"Nay," said the other female; "Doctor Treloar must not come here; you are mad to propose it! Let the stranger be carried hence, if he must have further advice."

"What!" cried the girl, indignantly; jolted over miles of rough road in a cart, to die, perhaps on the way; or else consigned to the stifling hovel and rude hands of one of the fishwives! I will not hear of such barbarity! It was I who saw the stranger fall, as I ran to meet Uncle Dan; but for this, he might have lain helpless and untended till the morning; and having found him, it is plainly our duty to take care of him till he recovers, or—"

She could not bring her self to name the alternative; but her reasoning was not convincing to her companion, who answered with great significance.

"In ordinary cases I shall agree with you, but there are your own risks to be considered. Do you quite forget these?"

"I cannot always be thinking of myself!" was the hasty reply; "nor will I let any personal consideration teach me to be unfeeling."

The elder female commenced a tart response; but ere she had uttered half a dozen reproachful words, the old fisherman, who has designated himself as Daniel Calynaek, gravely interfered.

"Do 'ee be quiet! Esther, wench; there's no harm done by letting the child have her way, for the poor lad's almost at his last. Let 'un die in peace, my soas—let 'un die in peace!"

Max heard the girlish voice breath an inarticulate murmur, half sigh, half sob; and, in spite of his aches and pains, he longed to be able to relieve her of her generous anxiety on his account. If he could but shake off the numbing faintness that pervaded every sense, how gladly would he reassure her!

"Poor youth!" said the elder female, approaching his prostrate form, and speaking with more pity than she had hitherto evinced. "Dan is right; he will not trouble us much longer; he is dying."

"Indeed, I am not!" Max feebly ejaculated, the hollow, far-away sound of his own voice startling him. "I have had a nasty tumble, but I'm going to get over it."

There must have been something ludicrous in this assertion, or else in the effect it had upon the watchers, both of whom recoiled, startled and discomfited, for a burst of low, rippling laughter broke the silence that followed.

It was, however, instantly repressed; there was some whispering between the inmates of the cottage, and then, as Max began to dreamily gaze around, the elder female returned to the low pallet on which he had been laid, and firmly but gently pressed down the lids of his aching eyes.

"Not to-night," she said. "Carry the lamp in the other room, Uncle Dan, and then come and make your patient understand that he will grow feverish if he attempts to talk."

"But just let him tell us where his friends are to be found," Max heard the girl interpose. "He may have a mother, with whom we ought to communicate immediately. You are a stranger here, are you not sir?" she added, addressing herself to the sufferer. "Will, you give us the address of your relatives, that we may send for them? Where are they to be found?" she queried again, on receiving no answer.

"In heaven," said Max, confusedly. "Address did you say? Aquas Dolces, valley of the Sacramento!"

"He is delicious, my dearest child; do come away!" whispered the elder female; but Max distinctly felt a warm tear fall upon his cheek before her wishes were complied with, and he was left to the care of Daniel Calynaek, whoever that worthy individual might be.

cured ye out and out!" The child went because Esther said it was best for her; and now ye meant ask me no more questions about her, for I shan't answer them! It's time ye had something to eat, and I mun go and cook it."

"I dare say old Dan is quite right" to keep his pretty niece out of my way." Max concluded; "for if she is as charming as she seemed to me when I was half delirious, I should certainly not be able to resist falling in love with her. Still I should like to see her at once again, if only to ascertain whether my eyes played me false when they pictured her so beautiful."

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As mentioned in Monday evening's edition, a joiner named Louis Lalumiere 48 years of age, jumped into the river at St. Mary's current, Montreal, and was drowned. The circumstances of this suicide are most remarkable. Deceased was a sufferer from epileptic fits, and getting into a despondent condition, went yesterday to his brother and said: "I am going to drown myself." The brother thought he was not altogether serious, but concluded to follow him. On seeing him enter St. Peters Church, in Visitation street (where deceased went to make his last prayer on earth), the brother thought all was right, and lost sight of him for a few minutes. However, he ceased on coming out of the church walked rapidly toward the river, but being seen by the brother, he was hastily pursued. The doomed man had reached the river side, and divested himself of his coat, hat, and boots, when the brother seized him by the arm. Then ensued a singular struggle as ever took place on terra firma. Desperately did the intending suicide twist and squirm to clear himself of his brother's grasp, and was gradually accomplishing his purpose. Seeing some men on a barge, the latter shouted in agony, "Help me; this man is going to throw himself into the water!" "Let me die," said the other, and before help could arrive he shook his brother off and plunged into the ice-cold waters. Mr. O. Desrochers, who was directing the unloading of a hay barge, promptly jumped into a small boat, which was connected with the barge, and managed to get hold of the drowning man. However, he could not drag Lalumiere's body into the boat and, meantime, life had fled, for when the captain and engineer of steamer "St. Louis" came to Mr. Desrochers' help and pulled the body out of the water it was too late.

The Coroner held an inquest subsequently, and returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of mental aberration."

A laborer named Edward Todd, in the employ of Mr. Whitney, near Meaford, committed suicide last week. No reason assigned.

The clerical journals in Mexico are distinguishing themselves by their violent opposition to Diaz, and their extreme animosity against the United States, one journal going so far as to denounce the citizens of the neighboring Republic as the enemies of God.

The German Government are expected to ask permission of Parliament to contract a new loan of thirty-seven millions and a half, one-third of which is represented by the loss on the resumption of the gold currency.



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made desperate efforts to raise him- to the rock, but his arms had lost power, and one of his ankles gave exquisite pain. He could not hold it longer, unless some one came to and who would—nay, who could? It had been light enough for any the beach to desery him, it would seem impossible to render any effi- elp, for his wanderings had carried one of the most inaccessible parts of the cliffs.

yet he was so near one of the s, a quaint little structure, perch- small three-cornered bit of level and approached from the beach e rudely-cut steps, that he could female voice singing "The Sands." Strange thoughts were evoked plaintive song. Would any one r him, as they sought for the haired Mary? Would his final place be those hungry waters, ceaseless lapping now sounded so or would his mangled remains r in some cleft of these darkly- cliffs, and no one ever learn his ly fate?

burst from his labouring chest, made one more mighty effort to himself. Once on the summit of rection, he would be in compara- sity until the morning dawned, is shout or signals would surely me one to the rescue; but the as in vain, and he felt that he idly growing exhausted.

yet, oh, heavens! he was so young -and to die thus! He glanced l; the stars were beginning to he veil of night, and look down im, was it in mockery, or to im resignation? He knew not, relaxing hands were slowly, surely z from their hold; he felt that he ling—down as before, from crash to t not, down in one swift rush; n he remembered no more, but nself is a troubled vision, wherein dered in the primeval forests of a, pursued by Indians, whose were being launched at his quiver- b.

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\* How time sped on for the following week or two he scarcely knew, for the injuries he had received in his fall were such serious ones that he was too ill to raise himself from his pillow. But he was conscious that a gray-haired, weather-beaten old man, in the rough garb of a fisherman, rarely left his side; and that once or twice a face, so far and sweet as to be almost angelic, had bent over him as he lay. But when the feverish symptoms disappeared, and though weak and helpless as a child, he was clear-headed and capable of conversing rationally once more, the cottage appeared to have no other inmate than the fisher- man, who sat on a low stool at the foot of the bed, repairing one of his nets.

"I am afraid I have given you a great deal of trouble," said Max, the first time he felt equal to open a conversation with the silent but pleasant-looking old Cornish- man.

"Nay, nay; not hafe so much as them dogfish, rot'em!" was the reply. "Look'ee here, at the rents they ha' made in these meshes,—more nor I shall fill up in an- other hour, I knows."

"I'll buy you a new net, if you'll only put that down, and talk to me. I have so much to ask you," cried Max, eager- ly.

"Talk away, lad, if it don't hurt 'ee; and keep your money in your pocket. I don't want to be paid for listening."

"Tell me, then, how long have I been here?"

Dan put his thumb against his teeth, and mused.

"Ever sin' last Friday was a week."

"And how and where did you discover me?"

"How?—why, doubled up. Where?—not a hundred yards from my own door. I should have passed ye, though, for I'd my oars and my nets on my shoulder—-a- coming up, I was, fro' the boat—if she hadn't a said—"

"Who is she?" interrupted Max.

"If she hadn't a said," the old man re- peated, "What's that a laying there, Uncle Dan?" And then—

"And then," his impatient hearer went on, "you brought me h-ere, and have nursed me most kindly ever since. God bless you for it! But who was it that first saw me?"

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"Well, if you ha' answered the question yoursen, why need I? T'ain't my grand- mer nor my great aunts that calls me uncle."

"Then it was your niece to whom I am indebted. I should like to thank her. Where is she?"

"Gone back to where she came from."

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## Agricultural.

### Wintering Stock.

In a large portion of the stock growing States, the feeding season is from four to six months of the year. If, during this long period, we feed our stock so as to continue its growth, we shall realize a profit on our grain and fodder; whereas, if we merely "keep them through," as is the custom with too many farmers, we shall have no return for our outlay. If, for example, we have a lot of steers or pigs wintered in such a way that they have no gain whatever between the autumn and spring, it is obvious that we have added nothing whatever to their value, and that what we have fed them has been a clear loss. But the intelligent reader will not need to be told that a great many farmers winter their stock at a much more ruinous loss than this—that with no inconsiderable number of Ameri- can farmers the practice is to allow stock to go into winter quarters—or, perhaps we should say, begin the winter without quarters—in good condition, and to come out in the spring so thin and emaciated that it requires nearly all the grazing season to regain the condition it had the previous fall. This, together with the inferior blood, accounts for the slow growth made by so large a portion of our cattle, requiring four or five years to make the weights—say 1,200—which good stock, on good keeping should make in two years. Twenty or thirty years ago, the management of pigs was no better. But now, in all our great stock-growing States, the large majority of farmers have swine of the improved breeds, and have learned that to make the business profit- able the pig must be kept growing from its birth to the time it is slaughtered, which is now frequently as early as the age of ten months, and seldom later than a year and a half, instead of two or three years, as was the old practice. As swine are reared for the one purpose of produc- ing meat, the importance of a system that will give us the most profitable returns in this product is more directly felt than in the case of cattle and sheep, that yield, in addition, milk and wool. But it is obvious that attention to the profits we make in the meat product is as impor- tant in the one case as the other. If we raise a steer, we have, as with the pig, but the one question—how much profit will the carcass yield.

With sheep, too, in all the varieties, especially on high-priced lands, the mutton is quite as important as the wool product; and it must not be forgotten that the best system for the profitable growth of wool is also the best for the production of mutton—we speak now of the feeding and management, and not of breeds.

But the great loss in the rearing of cattle results from bad management in the beginning. The calf does not get milk enough, and it is frequently put on poor grass; and by the beginning of winter it is lean, paunchy and out of shape. It is then put on straw, corn fod- der or hay, and in the spring, at the age of twelve months, it weighs less than a good calf should at four months. It has besides an unthrifty habit established

## "Express" Job Rooms.

We are this week, giving extensive orders for a new assortment of

### PLAIN AND FANCY JOB TYPE,

from the best Canadian and American Found- eries, and will before the 25th inst., be in a po- sition to turn out all classes of work in a style not to be surpassed by any office in the Province.

### WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF FINE & COLORED WORK.

Prices Low. Give us a Call.

## Poetry.

### My Girl.

A little corner with its crib,  
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,  
A little tooth so pearly white,  
A little rubber ring to bite.

A little plate all lettered round,  
A little rattle to resound,  
A little creeping—see! she stands!  
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

A little doll with flaxen hair,  
A little willow rocking chair,  
A little dress of richest hue,  
A little pair of gaiters blue.

A little school day after day,  
A little schoolman to obey,  
A little study—soon 'tis past,  
A little graduate at last.

A little muff for winter weather,  
A little jockey hat and feather,  
A little sack with funny pockets,  
A little chain, a ring and locket.

A little while to dance and bow,  
A little escort homeward now,  
A little party, somewhat late,  
A little lingering at the gate.

A little walk in leafy June,  
A little talk while shines the moon,  
A little reference to papa,  
A little planning with mamma.

A little ceremony grave,  
A little struggle to be brave,  
A little cottage on the lawn,  
A little kiss—my girl was gone!

John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas.

## Varieties.

### The Ass and the Angel.

B——, when years enough had passed to make him the father of a good sized family, received a visit from Dr. —, a specially congenial member of the old seminary class. Neither his own olive plants, nor the rather early grey hairs of his visitor, seemed to have touched the spirit of former days, and, like regular old boys, as they were, the two could not wait for toilets to be completed, the next morning, but began an old time run of jokes and non- sense through the bolted door that separated them. This went on success- fully, until at last it struck B——'s youngest, peacefully waiting his turn in the cradle, as a mysterious and dis- orderly proceeding, and he began to signify his disapproval by an outcry that no parental effort could subdue.

"What's the matter with that baby?" called the doctor at last, his patience under the interruption beginning to give way.

"Oh, I don't know," drawled B——; "I suppose, like Paul, he hears a voice but sees no man. No—probably more like Balaam."

"Ah," retorted the doctor, "he sees the ass, but doesn't see the angel."

The laughter inside that room left the baby free to come in on any key he pleased for some indefinite time follow- ing.

"Not Prepared."

from their hold; he felt that he was not as before, from crag to t down, down in one swift rush; he remembered no more, but self is a troubled vision, wherein ered in the primeval forests of , pursued by Indians, whose ere being launched at his quiver- his tormentors vanished, and e from the long trance of insens- But still those torturing pains his head and limbs, forcing from an of agony.

echoed by a feminine voice, to nother, in sharper tones, mur- rebuke; and then Max heard say, in a low thrilling accents, I not help it! He suffers so ly, it rends my heart to see

the child away," said someone no fit sight for her." I'll not be taken away, Uncle replied the sweet, girlish voice, as surely the same that Max had igned the plaintive ballad. "How contented to leave him till he is Don't sit by so calmly! Surely do something more for him?" nay, child; but I cannot," said nan. "And wouldn't be o' no ould. T'ain't in nature that he ive, after falling from Ruan he must ha' done. I ha' set his g—and let old Dannel Calynack doing that as well as a town —and we can't do no more." stand here and see him writhe ering! Oh! but it is too ter- ighed the girl. "Why did you et me send for Doctor Treloar; too late to do that now. Dear n, pray go and seek some one o my errand, and I will pay dsomely!" said the other female; "Doctor must not come here; you are pose it! Let the stranger be ence, if he must have further

!" cried the girl, indignantly; or miles of rough road in a cart, rhaps on the way; or else con- the stifling hotel and rude one of the fishwives! I fear of such barbarity! It was e the stranger fall, as I ran to le Dan; but for this, he might helpless and untended till the ; and having found him, it is r duty to take care of him till rs, or—"

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I should have passed ye, though, for I'd my oars and my nets on my shoulder—coming up, I was, fro' the boat—if she hadn't a said—"

"Who is she?" interrupted Max. "If she hadn't a said," the old man repeated, "What's that a laying there, Uncle Dan?" And then—"

"And then," his impatient hearer went on, "you brought me h're, and have nursed me most kindly ever since. God bless you for it! But who was it that first saw me?"

Dan threaded his huge needle with coarse twine very deliberately before he replied.

"Well, if you ha' answered the question yoursen, why need I? Tain't my grand- nor my great aunts that calls me uncle!"

"Then it was your niece to whom I am indebted. I should like to thank her. Where is she?"

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"Nay, lad," said Dan, coming to his bedside. "You're as welcome as a fair wind; and be loath to let ye go till I've cured ye out and out! The child went because Esther said it was best for her; and now ye meunt ask me no more questions about her, for I sha'n't answer them! It's time ye had something to eat, and I mun go and cook it."

"I dare say old Dan is quite right to keep his pretty niece out of my way," Max concluded; "for if she is as charming as she seemed to me when I was half delirious, I should certainly not be able to resist falling in love with her. Still I should like to see her at once again, if only to ascertain whether my eyes played me false when they pictured her so beautiful."

That she had not removed to any great distance he felt convinced, for every evening he heard the rustle of feminine garments, and the whispering of voices in the little kitchen adjoining his chamber; and dainty dishes were served up to him, as his appetite improved, which certainly surpassed old Dan's culinary skill to concoct. Yet neither the female called Esther, nor the gentle girl who had so generously compassionated his sufferings, came near him; and, having nothing else to do, he gave way more and more to the curiosity that tormented him.

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##### A BROTHER'S INEFFECTUAL STRUGGLES.

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We wish to press the importance of this view of the case upon the attention of young farmers and breeders. Give attention to your calves. If well managed and of good blood, no farm stock will make more profitable returns; while, if of a bad sort, and badly kept, nothing can be more unprofitable.

A few years since we met a friend just returned from the East, where he had been to wind up his hog trade for the year. "Well," said he, "I am now done with the hog shipping business; for two or three years I made money—a good deal of money; now it is all gone, and I must go back to where I started." "Where is that?" we asked. "I must begin again with a calf," said my friend; "if you got a good one, and manage him right, he will never fail you. Sometimes the profit is only moderate, but it is always sure." As we have said elsewhere, many yearling steers have been sold this season at fifty dollars per head, and this has all resulted from the two important requisites of good blood and generous keep for the first twelve months of their lives.

Let us make the application. How do your calves look? Are they in good thrifty, stout condition to begin the winter? If not, we should loose no time and spare no expense to make them so. Oats and corn ground together are, perhaps, the best feed. Shelled corn is very good and young calves are very fond of it: to this may be added brans and shorts. If the calves are out of condition, or lousy, a little oil cake with bran is excellent. To kill the lice nothing is better than plenty of lard or other grease, with a little petroleum—if the weather is cold we must use more petroleum, say one-half. The great point we wish to press in these observations is, that all stock should be kept growing in winter as well as in summer; that if it is not kept growing, the food it consumes brings us no return—is a dead loss while it we add, say one-third or one-fourth to expense, we have a profit on the whole. This is more especially true, and more strikingly illustrated in the keeping of young stock the first winter, than in any subsequent period.—National Live Stock Journal.

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#### "Not Prepared."

It is customary with the students of our college to say "Not prepared," when called upon to recite a difficult and not well memorized passage. On a hot summer afternoon, in the year 18—, the class was sleepily stumbling through the introduction to Butler's Analogy. The reverend doctor was quite as familiar with the subject matter as with the numbers of chapters and sections, and had a way of his own for calling for a recitation, which sounded quite as much like a call to judgment as a call to recite. The lesson was going badly, and the doctor nestling in his chair, called out, "Mr. T., you may pass on to the 'Future Life.'"

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night," she said. "Carry the e other room, Uncle Dan, and and make your patient under- t he will grow feverish is he o talk."

ust let him tell us where his to be found," Max heard the ose. "He may have a mother, m we ought to communi- diately. You are a stranger ou not sir?" she added, addres- f to the sufferer. "Will, you address of your relatives, that send for them? Where are found?" she queried again, on to answer.

ven," said Max, confusedly. did you say? Aquas Dolces, he Sacramento!"

delicious, my dearest child; do ,!" whispered the elder female; distinctly felt a warm tear fall heck before her wishes were with, and he was left to the Daniel Calynack, whoever that diydial might be.

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The Coroner held an inquest subsequently, and returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of mental aberration."

A laborer named Edward Todd, in the employ of Mr. Whitney, near Meaford, committed suicide last week. No reason assigned.

The clerical journals in Mexico are distinguishing themselves by their violent opposition to Diaz, and their extreme animosity against the United States, one journal going so far as to denounce the citizens of the neighboring Republic as the enemies of God.

The German Government are expected to ask permission of Parliament to contract a new loan of thirty-seven millions and a half, one-third of which is represented by the loss on the resumption of the gold currency.

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#### Family Matters.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM MARBLE.—Take French chalk, reduce it to powder, dust it over the spot, and then hold a hot flat-iron very near to it. This will soften the grease, while the chalk will absorb it.

HEADACHE.—People who suffer much from headache will do well to ascertain whether it may not arise from short-sightedness, or far-sightedness, or other defects in the eyes which cause continual irritation to the nerves. Relief from frequent and severe headaches is sometimes obtained by wearing spectacles suited to the eye of the sufferer.

Great destitution is anticipated among the Newfoundland settlers in Anticosti this winter, and applications for relief have been made to both the Dominion and Quebec Governments. The matter, however, lies entirely within the province of the latter.

A Constantinople despatch says: A doubtful rumor was current on Saturday night that Osman Pasha had forced the Russian lines.

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During one of the college vacations Daniel Webster and his brother returned to their father's in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps and then resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was wrong with the scythe, and it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a pet: "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel, with great composure, hung it in the next tree and retired.

#### A Box Containing \$6,000 Stolen.

An extensive robbery occurred about 9 miles from Carleton Place yesterday. An old man, named Samuel Ruttel, lived with his family near Ennisville, and has always borne the reputation of being a miser, and it was generally supposed that he had considerable wealth concealed somewhere about his house. This morning, at the time mentioned, three men entered Ruttel's dwelling and went straight to his bed, from underneath which they pulled a box about two feet long, containing \$6,000 in cash of all denominations, including \$1,500 in silver coin. The old man was scared into making no resistance by the men firing three revolver shots in the house, and having secured their booty took it to a buggy and drove off, after firing two more shots. A son of Ruttel's followed the buggy for some distance, but finally gave up the chase, as he was afraid of the pistol. The police are on the track, but at yet have discovered no clue.

The City Council, Chamber of Commerce, and Inspectors' Association of Halifax are taking steps to endeavor to secure an arrangement by which that city shall be made the winter port for the imports and exports of the west in so far as the Allan line of steamers is concerned.

**P. ROWELL & Co.,**  
40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK,  
—AND—  
**ROWELL & CHESMAN,**  
ST. LOUIS.  
AGENTS for the "NAPANEE EXPRESS",  
Napane, Ont.

### IMPROVEMENTS.

Some weeks since we stated that we had under consideration several proposed changes in connection with the EXPRESS, which would not only increase its value as a home paper, but add to our facilities for the prompt filling of orders for job work, etc. Although these improvements are not fully completed, still we have made some additions to which we wish to call the attention of our friends and the public.

### STEAM.

During the present week we have had placed in the office a boiler and engine of sufficient power to run our three presses. This we have now in complete working order, and the EXPRESS is this week run off by steam for the first time, with the exception of a few weeks during Mr. Carman's time. The machinery was built for the office some years ago, by Mr. Mair, of Napane, and under his supervision it has now been placed in the office. That it does its work well, is fully attested by the clear print of our present issue. We have also secured a large lot of

NEW TYPE, A NEW HEADING, etc., for the newspaper, which will add considerable to its appearance, besides a large lot for the job office. These have been selected with great care from the best Canadian and American Foundries with a special view to introducing something new, useful and attractive, and we believe it is idle boast to say that with these additions we have facilities for turning out work as neatly and readily as any office in the Province. Our stock of

### PAPER AND CARDS

has been greatly enlarged by excellent samples. We have procured several novelties which only need to be seen by advertisers and others to be appreciated. We can now with confidence solicit a call, feeling assured that we can give entire satisfaction as to style and price. Call and see our samples.



**THE EXPRESS.**

NAPANEE, NOV. 30th, 1877.

GRAND LODGE I. O. G. T.

T. W. CASEY, ESQ., UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED  
—NEXT SESSION TO BE HELD IN NAPANE—  
ANEE—G. W. C. T.

A special telegram from London, announces that T. W. Casey, Esq., was yesterday unanimously re-elected

### THE FISHERIES AWARD.

After months of patient and searching investigation, the Commission appointed under the Treaty of Washington, to adjudicate the amount due Great Britain, or rather Canada, by the United States, for the privilege of fishing in Canadian waters, has reached a decision. Verdict has been rendered, although not unanimous, that our American neighbors shall pay the sum of \$5,500,000 into the Treasury of this Dominion for the above privilege during ten years. Nearly five years of this time has already passed since the privilege was granted. That this is a fair remuneration is pretty generally conceded throughout Canada, the press of the Maritime Provinces, with but few exceptions, accepting the decision as fair and just. Across the line, however, the verdict is accepted with an ill-concealed feeling of irritation, and the American Commissioner having dissented from the decision, hints of an attempt to evade the verdict, by taking advantage of a quibble in the article of the Treaty of Washington, are in circulation. The clause providing that the decision of a majority of the Commissioners shall be final, which was inserted in the sections referring to the settlement of other disputed points, is omitted in this case, and this, it is broadly hinted by some American journals, will be taken advantage of to upset the whole proceedings. Some of the more influential papers scoff at an action so dishonourable, but our experience in dealing with the Americans unfortunately is not such as to allay suspicion of their national trickery. We may thank our Canadian High Joint—Sir John Macdonald—that this loop-hole has been left in the Treaty, that while all other interests were looked after by the Commission, that distinguished statesman allowed Canada to be left at the mercy of American politicians. We still hope, however, that our neighbors will have more honesty and respect for their good name than to perform such a disgraceful piece of political huckstering, and refuse to take advantage of the confidence so innocently reposed in them by Canada's model statesman.

### THE O'DONAHUE CASE.

Conservatives throughout the country during the past year have been grieving over the delinquency of the government in refusing to grant amnesty to O'Donahue, one of the ringleaders of the Manitoba rebellion. This act of clemency on the part of the Crown has now been performed and a review of the proclamation will be found in another column. Now that a pardon has been granted, however, Tories give another illustration of how hard they are to please by suddenly changing their tactics and charge the granting of it at this particular time as a desperate effort on the part of the Government to secure the Catholic vote in Quebec East. But it is shown that the granting of the amnesty was enacted on the 20th of September, fully two weeks before a contest in Quebec East was even thought of. Anything to hide their chagrin, however, at seeing another brick knocked from under their structure of complaints, and they affect to disbelieve that the order was passed until long after the day mentioned. Their howl of indignation, or disappointment, at the quiet

### THE FINANCE MINISTER BEFORE HIS CONSTITUENTS.

Full Report of Mr. Cartwright's Speech at Napane.

[CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.]

Knowing Sir John Macdonald as I do; knowing that he has always prided himself on being able (and willing) to sell every human being, man woman, or child, with whom he ever came in contact, I cannot fail to realize the deep-seated admiration which he must entertain for me after all in his secret heart, if only this compliment was true. (Laughter.) But, Sir, I really cannot accept it. Sir John Macdonald makes a slight mistake. When he said I had "sold" him, what he meant to say was that I had "known" him all along, and that was the true sore point in his mind. (Laughter.) That is my unforgivable sin—that Sir John is beginning to comprehend that I saw through him at a very early stage of our acquaintance. Able as he is, it was not very difficult to do so. I doubt if I had spent as much as two evenings in his company before I had made up my mind that I had to do with a very clever and very agreeable rascal. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) I remember very well a very amusing discussion which once took place in my presence relative to Sir John Macdonald, shortly after he first became Premier, at which time there was some speculation as to how he would demean himself under the weight of his new dignity; one party opining that, now at least, John A. would turn over a new leaf, and "purge and live cleanly, as noblemen should do," and the other, a very shrewd old lady, as stoutly affirming that it was no use talking, because, as she put it tersely, "Don't tell me, I know better; John A. will never grow either stupid or respectable—if he lives to the age of Methusalem." (Laughter and cheers.) Sir, I am very much of the old lady's opinion; and I must say that although I sometimes admired his cleverness and sometimes was disgusted with his scampishness, I never once made the mistake of trusting Sir John one inch further than I could see him. (Laughter.) Now I don't mean to say I may not have been mistaken in him. It is quite possible that I may always have thought better of him than he deserved; but as you know, it is always desirable to err on the side of charity, and I am inclined to think that he was not altogether bad in those early days, though to tell the truth, Mr. Chairman, I did come to look upon him as a sort of human chameleon, who would take his colour from his surroundings and the ground on which he moved, being sometimes black—sometimes white—sometimes orange—and sometimes green, latterly, I fear, very muddy and miry in his hue and habits. (Loud laughter.) Speaking without metaphor, I believe that Sir John, if surrounded and restrained by strong and able men, who understood him and who did not fear him, possesses qualities which might have made him a valuable public servant, although he would always have remained a tricky and dangerous one. But I believe, also, that if his evil fortune should place him among a set of weaklings or boon companions, his downward career would be both swift and certain. (Hear, hear.) One thing more. Sir John is good enough to evince a tender anxiety for my future. This is truly benevolent on his part. For myself, I am content that my future should take care of itself; but I may tell him that on one point I had made up my mind long ago. I dare say some of you remember a rather famous article which appeared in the *Globe* newspaper a good many years back, wherein Mr. Brown wound up a very pungent survey of Sir John Macdonald by remarking that his political career could be very easily traced by the

God he could catch Riel," after he himself supplied Monsieur Riel with money out of the public chest to enable him to get out of the way? (Hear, hear.) What, I say, Sir, can his best friends or feel but the most profound regret that any man who has filled so high a place should stoop to shifts so small and mean as these? And now let me ask you: what has Sir John gained by all this? regards myself, his attack on me has merely drawn down upon him exposure which I would fain have spared, and further persisted in may very probably result in others of a still more unpleasant character. All through he has played my game. He played it when he came here in 1873. He played it the other day when he took part in his grand demonstration over yonder, and nothing could well have done would have suited me better in either case. One word more as to an assertion I made last year, which was rather hotly denied by the Opposition press. I intimated that Sir John dare not at present attempt to claim his English Privy-councillorship. That statement was disputed. But he has come from his own mouth pretty substantial evidence that he knows it is so for him to proceed to England on the errand until he can show in the most decisive manner that the people of Canada have condoned his offenses. Here is an answer to a question put to him the other day as to why he did not go to England and be sworn in:—"That was his own business, he might say. In the first place he was short of money, and could not afford to go for a pleasure trip to England. In the second, he proposed to wait till after the elections, and then he would present himself not only as a British subject, a member of the Washington Commission, but as a member of the Canadian Government." Now need I point out to you what a tower of strength it would be for Sir John in the coming election, if he could only first go to England and succeed in getting himself sworn and recognized as a Privy Councillor. (Hear.) No one knows it better than Sir John himself; yet he is ready to let seven years go by soon than risk being told that Her Majesty has no need of his advice in such capacity. Sir, I have grave doubts, even if I were restored to power, whether I would not find it advisable to restrain my ardour still longer. I happen to know something of the opinion entertained by him by not a few prominent Englishmen and I doubt much if either those who were with him at Washington or those who became acquainted with his doings in London in 1867, not to speak of persons who were familiarly acquainted with his grave misconduct at the time of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to this country in 1860 would have much to say for Sir John which would not bring a blush to the cheek of every true Canadian. (Hear, hear.) Should Sir John persist further on my patience, I give him the formal challenge, and it is not the first time I have exchanged with him. (Hear, hear.) But he will bear in mind that I will not reply from his followers or his parasites. My challenge is to him alone, and I have to tell him that if he so desires, I am ready to confront him anywhere here, or before his own constituents, on the floor of the House of Commons and then and there, if he likes to provoke the fray, I am ready to compare my public life with his, my private life with his, my services to the public with those which he can justly lay claim as his own, or even the genuine *bona fide* sacrifices which each of us may have made. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) And on this point I must say a word or two. Always as far back as I can remember, Sir John has been pleased, with what I consider very questionable taste, to make loud parade of his pecuniary sacrifices in the public service. I do not dispute the fact that politics is anything but a lucrative



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## THE EXPRESS.

NAPANEE, NOV. 30th, 1877.

GRAND LODGE I. O. G. T.

T. W. CASEY, ESQ., UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED  
—NEXT SESSION TO BE HELD IN NAP-  
ANEE—G. W. C. T.

A special telegram from London, announces that T. W. Casey, Esq., was yesterday unanimously re-elected G. W. Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T., for the ninth time. We heartily congratulate friend Casey on the fact that his services are so highly appreciated, that after eight years trial no opposition is offered him. The next session of the Grand Lodge is to be held in Napanee. Brother Botterell of Ottawa, has been elected G. W. C. T., for the ensuing year.

### VICTORY IN QUEBEC EAST.

#### HON. MR. LAURIER ELECTED BY A MAJORITY OF 316.

(By Special Telegram to the Express, per Montreal Line.)

NOVEMBER, 29th.

Polling in Quebec East yesterday, passed off very quietly. Battery B. was marched to Jacques Cartier Hall, where they remained under arms during the day. With the exception of a slight disturbance in the morning, no violence took place. Both parties worked hard all day, and although Mr. Laurier's friends were confident of success, they feared the unscrupulous opposition with which they had to contend, would make the majority a close one. As will be shown by the statement below, a large vote was polled, and Mr. Laurier and his friends are to be congratulated on the very handsome victory, which clearly shows that the much talked of reaction has not touched Quebec at least. When the result became known, Mr. Laurier addressed a large multitude of electors from the balcony of his Committee Rooms, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed at his success. One of the ballot boxes was stolen by a crowd of roughs, as the returning officer was leaving the poll, and has not yet been recovered.

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6	79	62
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10	60	40

Conservatives throughout the country during the past year have been grieving over the delinquency of the government in refusing to grant amnesty to O'Donohue, one of the ringleaders of the Manitoba rebellion. This act of clemency on the part of the Crown has now been performed and a review of the proclamation will be found in another column. Now that a pardon has been granted, however, Tories give another illustration of how hard they are to please by suddenly changing their tactics and charge the granting of it at this particular time as a desperate effort on the part of the Government to secure the Catholic vote in Quebec East. But it is shown that the granting of the amnesty was enacted on the 20th of September, fully two weeks before a contest in Quebec East was even thought of. Anything to hide their chagrin, however, at seeing another brick knocked from under their structure of complaints, and they affect to disbelieve that the order was passed until long after the day mentioned. Their howl of indignation, or disappointment, at the quiet manner in which the matter has been disposed of, is echoed from one end of the Dominion to the other in every petty organ of the party. The Montreal Gazette leads off by endeavoring to show that on the 20th there was not a quorum of the Council present at Ottawa, inasmuch as all but four of the Ministers of the Crown were absent from the city. As a matter of fact, however, by Sir John's own regulations, four Ministers compose a quorum, and at no time since the Mackenzie Government assumed the reins of power has there not been a quorum of the Council present at Ottawa. It is only natural to suppose too that the whole matter had been fully discussed and decided upon long before the particular sitting at which the order was passed. Regarding the complaint of the seeming delay with which the proclamation was issued, and which Tory leaders flatly assert is proof positive that the Order was not passed at the time specified, they must know that the consent of the Imperial authorities is absolutely necessary before such an act of clemency could possibly be consummated, and that such concurrence could only be obtained after the passing of the Order in Council. Hence the delay which seems so vague and suspicious to the minds of those gentlemen, who can only be convinced against their will, is shown to be perfectly natural and unavoidable. That the whole transaction was carried out fairly and above board, cannot be disputed, but these gentry whose very existence is bound up in scenting afar deeds of corruption and malpractice, are hard to convince that any business could possibly be transacted without underhanded scheming. With the exception of those who have been wont to make capital out of it by stirring up religious feelings between the different nationalities in our land, all will be glad that this unfortunate affair has been so quietly settled. Mr. O'Donohue can now return to Canada with perfect safety and his friends will no longer feel that he is a persecuted man.

Our contemporary, the Standard, is hard to satisfy and devotes a half column this week again in its endeavor to disprove, or mystify the public into disbelieving, our charge that the Liberal Conservative Association, in blindly pledging itself to support the nominee of an Association, deliberately gave away their liberty of franchise. That they did

days, though to tell the truth, Mr. Chairman, I did come to look upon him as a sort of human chameleon, who would take his colour from his surroundings and the ground on which he moved, being sometimes black—sometimes white—sometimes orange—and sometimes green, latterly, I fear, very muddy and miry in his hue and habits. (Loud laughter.) Speaking without metaphor, I believe that Sir John, if surrounded and restrained by strong and able men, who understood him and who did not fear him, possesses qualities which might have made him a valuable public servant, although he would always have remained a tricky and dangerous one. But I believe, also, that if his evil fortune should place him among a set of weaklings or boon companions, his downward career would be both swift and certain. (Hear, hear.) One thing more, Sir John is good enough to evince a tender anxiety for my future. This is truly benevolent on his part. For myself, I am content that my future should take care of itself; but I may tell him that on one point I had made up my mind long ago. I dare say some of you remember a rather famous article which appeared in the Globe newspaper a good many years back, wherein Mr. Brown wound up a very pungent survey of Sir John Macdonald by remarking that his political career could be very easily traced by the tombstones of his slaughtered friends. Now, I am quite ready to face my political doom as soon as ever you please in a worthy cause, but I was fully resolved that when my time came it should not be inscribed over my grave:—"Here repose the political remains of one Richard John Cartwright, who was once a youth of some promise, but who trusted Sir John Macdonald and perished in the general election of 187—." (as the case might have been.) (Laughter.) I observed, Sir, with some surprise, that Sir John has introduced a question as to his own veracity. All I can say is that Sir John is fearfully indiscreet in mooted such a question. But as he has chosen to make it an issue in this discussion, let us see what sort of a record he possesses. Here are a few of his "veracities." He declares in one speech "that he never indulges in personalities." Well, Sir, one lives and learns. Up to this time, in common with most of those who have ever heard or read Sir John's speeches, I was in the habit of supposing that he was nothing if not personal. I did imagine that the application to myself, for instance, of the following descriptive epithets: "Traitor," "apostate," "bungler," "fool," "rotten stick," "no gentleman," and the further describing me as a man who had "sold his constituency, sold his family honour, sold himself, sold him" (Sir John), and, "as one who had been guilty of the basest treachery, the basest ingratitude, and had acted from the most sordid motives of any man whom he had ever known;" the application to Mr. Mills of the title of "little animal;" to Mr. Casey of "whipper-snapper;" to Mr. Colin Macdougall, of "parliamentary gorilla;" the stating that Mr. Scott had been "bought like a beast in the market;" the advice to Mr. Robinson "to go back to his paint pots," and divers other little pleasing allusions of the character, might have been considered as slightly personal. (Laughter.) But, as Sir John has formally declared that he never indulges in personalities, I suppose I am bound by parliamentary etiquette, not indeed exactly to believe what he says, but to believe that he believes what he states to be correct. (Laughter.) On the same hypothesis Mr. Chairman, I presume we are to account for the assertion that "he never appointed one of his own colleagues to offices of emolument," although some people have considered that the facts that Mr. Howland was made Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mr. Macdougall of Manitoba, and Mr. Archibald of Manitoba and Judge and Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Mr. Morris Judge and Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Mr. Howe Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Mr. Tilley Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and Messrs. Dunkin and Macdonald Judges in their own Provinces, slightly militate against the perfect accuracy of that assertion: as

became acquainted with his doings in London in 1867, not to speak of persons who were familiarly acquainted with his grave misconduct at the time of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to this country in 1860 would have much to say of Sir John which would not bring a blush to the cheek of every true Canadian. (Hear, hear.) Should Sir John presume further on my patience, I give him this formal challenge, and it is not the first I have exchanged with him. (Hear, hear.) But he will bear in mind that I will take no reply from his followers or his parasites. My challenge is to him alone, and I have to tell him that if he so desire I am ready to confront him anywhere, here, or before his own constituents, or on the floor of the House of Commons, and then and there, if he likes to provoke the fray, I am ready to compare my public life with his, my private life with his, my services to the public with those to which he can justly lay claim as his own, ay, or even the genuine *bona fide* sacrifices which each of us may have made. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) And on this point I must say a word or two. Always, as far back as I can remember, Sir John has been pleased, with what I consider very questionable taste, to make loud parade of his pecuniary sacrifices in the public service. I do not dispute the fact that politics is anything but a lucrative occupation, and that for two reasons. First, because, as a rule, it completely absorbs the most vigorous and profitable years of a man's life; and, secondly, because it always breeds in a man's mind a spirit of indifference to his own individual private affairs. Still, you must remember that it is, at any rate at first, a matter of voluntary choice on the part of those who devote themselves to that pursuit, and that it has its own compensations as well as privations. Neither can I admit that it is in any case a ground for whining or complaining if men find that they cannot attend to politics and make money at one and the same time. Sir, I can tell Sir John that if, as I do not doubt, he has not found politics *per se* a very money-making occupation, he is far from singular in his experience, and that I can put my finger to-day on half a dozen men sitting round our Council board, of any one of whom it might be truly said that he has made, and is making, larger pecuniary sacrifices than ever Sir John made, or indeed had the power to make; and further, that the same is true of a great many others in the ranks of both his own party and of ours. Nay, more, if he will have the plain truth—and this ceaseless parade of his sacrifices deserves that it should be stated—I say for my part, and I have good grounds for my assertion, that I very strongly suspect after all said and done, that Sir John Macdonald is to-day far better provided for than he would probably have been had he never touched politics at all; and if he likes to dispute this statement, I will be prepared to give my reasons in some detail. (Hear, hear.) But, say some of you, be this as it may, Sir John Macdonald after all is the Conservative leader, and we are bound to support him. Sir, I say that Sir John Macdonald's pretence of any rightful claim to the allegiance of any true Conservative, or true Conservative party as a whole, is the merest usurpation. (Hear, hear.) Conservatism is an honourable name in itself, and Conservatism of the right sort is a right good thing. No true statesman, by whatever name he may be called, will ever underrate the value of a Conservative element. No state has ever yet become great and staple without a large amount of wholesome Conservatism. Nor do I myself know any man whose whole cast of mind in many important respects is more truly and philosophically Conservative than my friend Mr. Blake's; of any whose instincts in all important points are more soundly Conservative than Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's, without the smallest detriment to any other qualities which either of them may possess; and I say, further, that you will find very little indeed in Sir John Macdonald of the cardinal qualities which should mark a true Conservative leader. (Hear, hear.) When, indeed, I should like to know, did Sir John in all his life ever lead a Con-

so highly appreciated, that after eight years trial no opposition is offered him. The next session of the Grand Lodge is to be held in Napanee. Brother Bottrell of Ottawa, has been elected G. W. C. T., for the ensuing year.

## VICTORY IN QUEBEC EAST.

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11	73	65
12	82	51
13	26	49
14	64	54
15	33	39
16	64	55
17	53	59
18	49	46
19	84	100
20	100	90
21	92	119
22	19	14
23	49	48
24	48	45
25	58	44
26	151	42
27	77	62
28	129	48
29	115	62
1,764		1,388
Majority for Laurier, 316.		

The assiduous efforts of our Tory friends in finding a soft spot on which to fall, on the result of the election in Quebec East becoming known, was amusing in the extreme. All sorts of excuses were hatched up and mooted in advance. Charges of corruption, jobs on government contracts, wholesale bribery, etc., were heralded through the country and every penny piper in the party is practised in his part, and now we may expect the concert to begin. Well, let 'em howl.

that on the 20th there was not a quorum of the Council present at Ottawa, inasmuch as all but four of the Ministers of the Crown were absent from the city. As a matter of fact, however, by Sir John's own regulations, four Ministers compose a quorum, and at no time since the Mackenzie Government assumed the reins of power has there not been a quorum of the Council present at Ottawa. It is only natural to suppose too that the whole matter had been fully discussed and decided upon long before the particular sitting at which the order was passed. Regarding the complaint of the seeming delay with which the proclamation was issued, and which Tory leaders flatly assert is proof positive that the Order was not passed at the time specified, they must know that the consent of the Imperial authorities is absolutely necessary before such an act of clemency could possibly be consummated, and that such concurrence could only be obtained after the passing of the Order in Council. Hence the delay which seems so vague and suspicious to the minds of those gentlemen, who can only be convinced against their will, is shown to be perfectly natural and unavoidable. That the whole transaction was carried out fairly and above board, cannot be disputed, but these gentry whose very existence is bound up in scenting afar deeds of corruption and malpractice, are hard to convince that any business could possibly be transacted without underhanded scheming. With the exception of those who have been wont to make capital out of it by stirring up religious feelings between the different nationalities in our land, all will be glad that this unfortunate affair has been so quietly settled. Mr. O'Donohue can now return to Canada with perfect safety and his friends will no longer feel that he is a persecuted man.

Our contemporary, the *Standard*, is hard to satisfy and devotes a half column this week again in its endeavor to disprove, or mystify the public into disbelieving, our charge that the Liberal Conservative Association, in blindly pledging itself to support the nominee of an Association, deliberately gave away their liberty of franchise. That they did thus pledge themselves is not denied, but the *Standard* man wishes us to understand that it was not done at the suggestion nor in collusion with any outside parties. If that is the case it seems passing strange that its basis of organization, regulations, etc., should be so like the rule, of similar societies formed in nearly every county in Ontario under the direction of this same U. E. Club. No, no, Mr. Editor, the "grand scribe" may not have been present in person, but we dare to believe that the whole U. E. Club was there in spirit. In regard to the charge of a similar act on the part of Reformers, as we said last week, the cases are entirely different. There is no question as to who will be their candidate in the coming struggle, and therefore the charge of giving away the liberty of selecting their representative, falls as flat as the majority of vagaries which haunt the brain of Tory journalists.

A few days ago Rose and Gertrude Breckenridge, daughters of Mr. J. Breckenridge, of Belmont, while in the vicinity of Long Lake, noticed a large deer madly rush into the water, evidently pursued and slightly wounded. Without a moment's hesitation the two girls procured a boat, armed themselves with clubs, and set after the deer. They soon encountered the aggravated animal, when the girls courageously commenced the attack with their clubs, and after a short contest brought his deership to bay, and had him conveyed to their home—a proof of their prowess.

the political remains of one Richard John Cartwright, who was once a youth of some promise, but who trusted Sir John Macdonald and perished in the general election of 187— (as the case might have been.) (Laughter.) I observed, Sir, with some surprise, that Sir John has introduced a question as to his own veracity. All I can say is that Sir John is fearfully indiscreet in mooted such a question. But as he has chosen to make it an issue in this discussion, let us see what sort of a record he possesses. Here are a few of his "veracities." He declares in one speech "that he never indulges in personalities." Well, Sir, one lives and learns. Up to this time, in common with most of those who have ever heard or read Sir John's speeches, I was in the habit of supposing that he was nothing if not personal. I did imagine that the application to myself, for instance, of the following descriptive epithets: "Traitor," "apostate," "bungler," "fool," "rotten stick," "no gentleman," and the further describing me as a man who had "sold his constituency, sold his family honour, sold himself, sold him" (Sir John), and, "as one who had been guilty of the basest treachery, the basest ingratitude, and had acted from the most sordid motives of any man whom he had ever known;" the application to Mr. Mills of the title of "little animal;" to Mr. Casey of "whipper-snapper;" to Mr. Colin Macdougall, of parliamentary gorilla;" the stating that Mr. Scott had been "bought like a beast in the market;" the advice to Mr. Robinson "to go back to his paint pots," and divers other little pleasing allusions of the character, might have been considered as slightly personal, (Laughter.) But, as Sir John has formally declared that he never indulges in personalities, I suppose I am bound by parliamentary etiquette, not indeed exactly to believe what he says, but to believe that he believes what he states to be correct. (Laughter.) On the same hypothesis Mr. Chairman, I presume we are to account for the assertion that "he never appointed one of his own colleagues to offices of emolument," although some people have considered that the facts that Mr. Howland was made Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mr. Macdougall of Manitoba, and Mr. Archibald of Manitoba and Judge and Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Mr. Morris Judge and Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Mr. Howe Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Mr. Tilly Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and Messrs. Dunkin and Macdonald Judges in their own Provinces, slightly militate against the perfect accuracy of that assertion; as also does the circumstance that the emigration of 400,000 French Canadians from this country to the United States having occurred between the years 1861 and 1872 likewise appears to militate against the correctness of Sir John's dictum that this was the result of my own and Mr. Mackenzie's free trade errors and anti-protectionist policy. (Laughter and cheers.) Well, admitting that all these little inaccuracies ought perhaps to be set down as the result of advancing years and decaying memory, what are we to say to Sir John's deliberate and repeated assertion that he had in his possession a letter from myself wherein I stated that I objected to Sir Francis Hincks being admitted to his Cabinet because he was a Reformer, whereas the fact was that I had, and have, in my possession a letter of six pages, in which Sir John attempts at great length to convince me that Sir Francis would be gladly accepted by the Reform party as a Reform leader. What are we to say to his deliberate statement, made on the floor of the House of Commons a very few months ago, that he had only consented to accept \$500,000 from the Northern Railway after a careful and elaborate report and examination of the books of that Company by Mr. Langton, the Auditor-General? What are we to say to his declaration to Lord Dufferin, on his honour and oath of office as a sworn adviser of the Crown, "that he was absolutely innocent of all the things" Mr. Huntington had laid to his charge? or to his pious aspiration that he "would to

private amars. Still, you must remember that it is, at any rate at first, a matter of voluntary choice on the part of those who devote themselves to that pursuit, and that it has its own compensations as well as privations. Neither can I admit that it is in any case a ground for whining or complaining if men find that they cannot attend to politics and make money at one and the same time. Sir, I can tell Sir John that if, as I do not doubt, he has not found politics *per se* a very money-making occupation, he is far from singular in his experience, and that I can put my finger to-day on half a dozen men sitting round our Council board, of any one of whom it might be truly said that he has made, and is making, larger pecuniary sacrifices than ever Sir John made, or indeed had the power to make; and further, that the same is true of a great many others in the ranks of both his own party and of ours. Nay, more, if he will have the plain truth—and this ceaseless parade of his sacrifices deserves that it should be stated—I say for my part, and I have good grounds for my assertion, that I very strongly suspect after all said and done, that Sir John Macdonald is to-day far better provided for than he would probably have been had he never touched politics at all; and if he likes to dispute this statement, I will be prepared to give my reasons in some detail. (Hear, hear.) But, say some of you, be this as it may, Sir John Macdonald after all is the Conservative leader, and we are bound to support him. Sir, I say that Sir John Macdonald's pretence of any rightful claim to the allegiance of any true Conservative, or true Conservative party as a whole, is the merest usurpation. (Hear, hear.) Conservative is an honourable name in itself, and Conservatism of the right sort is a right good thing. No true statesman, by whatever name he may be called, will ever underrate the value of a Conservative element. No state has ever yet become great and stable without a large amount of wholesome Conservatism. Nor do I myself know any man whose whole cast of mind in many important respects is more truly and philosophically Conservative than my friend Mr. Blake's; of any whose instincts in all important points are more soundly Conservative than Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's, without the smallest detriment to any other qualities which either of them may possess; and I say, further, that you will find very little indeed in Sir John Macdonald of the cardinal qualities which should mark a true Conservative leader. (Hear, hear.) When, indeed, I should like to know, did Sir John in all his life ever lead a Conservative Government? Once, I believe, early in his career, he occupied for a short time a subordinate post in a Cabinet which might perhaps lay some claim to the name; but from that time to the present moment he has, during his whole political existence, owed such power as he attained to a succession of pure (or impure) coalitions, and to nothing else. (Here, hear.) What, I pray, was the Government of which he was a leading member in 1854? Who is there who knows anything of the history of those days who does not know that Sir John Macdonald and his friends held office by the grace of Sir Francis Hincks, and by that alone; that, in fact, until he left this country, Sir Francis Hincks (Mr. Hincks as he then was) was really and truly the most potent voice in that house; and all through the subsequent period, and up to his downfall in 1862, Sir John Macdonald was obliged to retain several of Sir Francis Hincks' colleagues or supporters in his Cabinet, men who, if Sir Francis Hincks had really been, as Sir John declared, steeped to the lips in corruption, were just as deeply steeped as Sir Francis Hincks himself. (Hear, hear.) Who does not know that when he formed his first Cabinet in April, 1864, he had to take in Mr. Foley, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. McGee? men whom, by no stretch of imagination, he could pretend were anything but Reformers of the most decided type. Who does not know that from that day to this, both in 1867 and afterwards, Sir John Macdonald owed his very political existence to the coal-



# THE FINANCE MINISTER BEFORE HIS CONSTITUENTS.

Full Report of Mr. Cartwright's Speech at Napanee.

[CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.]

Knowing Sir John Macdonald as I do; knowing that he has always prided himself on being able (and willing) to sell every human being, man woman, or child, with whom he ever came in contact, I cannot fail to realize the deep-seated admiration which he must entertain for me after all in his secret heart, if only this compliment was true. (Laughter.) But, Sir, I really cannot accept it. Sir John Macdonald makes a slight mistake. When he said I had "sold" him, what he meant to say was that I had "known" him all along, and that was the true sore point in his mind. (Laughter.) That is my unforgivable sin—that Sir John is beginning to comprehend that I saw through him at a very early stage of our acquaintance. Able as he is, it was not very difficult to do so. I doubt if I had spent as much as two evenings in his company before I had made up my mind that I had to do with a very clever and very agreeable rascal. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) I remember very well a very amusing discussion which once took place in my presence relative to Sir John Macdonald, shortly after he first became Premier, at which time there was some speculation as to how he would demean himself under the weight of his new dignity; one party opining that, now at least, John A. would turn over a new leaf, and "purge and live cleanly, as noblemen should do," and the other, a very shrewd old lady, as stoutly affirming that it was no use talking, because, as she put it tersely, "Don't tell me, I know better; John A. will never grow either stupid or respectable—if he lives to the age of Methuselah." (Laughter and cheers.) Sir, I am very much of the old lady's opinion; and I must say that although I sometimes admired his cleverness and sometimes was disgusted with his scampishness, I never once made the mistake of trusting Sir John one inch further than I could see him. (Laughter.) Now I don't mean to say I may not have been mistaken in him. It is quite possible that I may always have thought better of him than he deserved; but as you know, it is always desirable to err on the side of charity, and I am inclined to think that he was not altogether bad in those early days, though to tell the truth, Mr. Chairman, I did come to look upon him as a sort of human chameleon, who would take his colour from his surroundings and the ground on which he moved, being sometimes black—sometimes white—sometimes orange—and sometimes green, latterly, I fear, very muddy and mired in his hue and habits. (Loud laughter.) Speaking without metaphor, I believe that Sir John, if surrounded and restrained by strong and able men, who understood him and who did not fear him, possesses qualities which might have made him a valuable public servant, although he would always have remained a tricky and dangerous one. But I believe, also, that if his evil fortune should place him among a set of weaklings or boon companions, his downward career would be both swift and certain. (Hear, hear.) One thing more. Sir John is good enough to evince a tender anxiety for my future. This is truly benevolent on his part. For myself, I am content that my future should take care of itself; but I may tell him that on one point I had made up my mind long ago. I dare say some of you remember a rather famous article which appeared in the *Globe* newspaper a good many years back, wherein Mr. Brown wound up a very pungent survey of Sir John Macdonald by remarking that his political career could be very easily traced by the tombstones of his slaughtered friends. Now, I am quite ready to face my political doom as soon as ever you please in a

God he could catch Riel," after he had himself supplied Monsieur Riel with money out of the public chest to enable him to get out of the way? (Hear, hear.) What, I say, Sir, can his best friends say or feel but the most profound regret that any man who has filled so high a place should stoop to shifts so small and mean as these? And now let me ask you all what has Sir John gained by all this? As regards myself, his attack on me has merely drawn down upon him exposures which I would fain have spared, and if further persisted in may very probably result in others of a still more unpleasant character. All through he has played my game. He played it when he came here in 1873. He played it the other day when he took part in his grand demonstration over yonder, and nothing he could well have done would have suited me better in either case. One word more as to an assertion I made last year, and which was rather hotly denied by the Opposition press. I intimated that Sir John dare not at present attempt to claim his English Privy-councillorship. That statement was disputed. But here we have from his own mouth pretty substantial evidence that he knows it is idle for him to proceed to England on that errand until he can show in the most deplorable manner that the people of Canada have condoned his offenses. Here is his answer to a question put to him the other day as to why he did not go to England and be sworn in:—"That was his own business, he might say. In the first place he was short of money, and could not afford to go for a pleasure trip to England. In the second, he proposed to wait till after the elections, and then he would present himself not only as a British subject, a member of the Washington Commission, but as a member of the Canadian Government." Now [I need not point out to you what a tower of strength it would be for Sir John in the coming election, if he could only first go to England and succeed in getting himself sworn and recognized as a Privy Councillor. Hear.] No one knows this better than Sir John himself; yet he is ready to let seven years go by sooner than risk being told that Her Majesty has no need of his advice in such capacity. Sir, I have grave doubts, even if he were restored to power, whether he would not find it advisable to restrain his ardour still longer. I happen to know something of the opinion entertained of him by not a few prominent Englishmen, and I doubt much if either those who sit with him at Washington or those who became acquainted with his doings in London in 1867, not to speak of persons who were familiarly acquainted with his grave misconduct at the time of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to this country in 1860 would have much to say of Sir John which would not bring a blush to the cheek of every true Canadian. (Hear, hear.) Should Sir John presume further on my patience, I give him this formal challenge, and it is not the first I have exchanged with him. (Hear, hear.) But he will bear in mind that I will take no reply from his followers or his parasites. My challenge is to him alone, and I have to tell him that if he so desire I am ready to confront him anywhere, here, or before his own constituents, or on the floor of the House of Commons, and then there, if he likes to provoke the fray, I am ready to compare my public life with his, my private life with his, my services to the public with those to which he can justly lay claim as his own, aye, or even the genuine *bona fide* sacrifices which each of us may have made. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) And on this point I must say a word or two. Always, as far back as I can remember, Sir John has been pleased, with what I consider very questionable taste, to make loud parade of his pecuniary sacrifices in the public service. I do not dispute the fact that politics is anything but a lucrative occupation, and that for two reasons. First, because, as a rule, it completely absorbs the most vigorous and profitable

tion he had effected with certain members of the Reform party? And this is the man who prates of his Conservatism and his devotion to Conservative principles. (Hear, hear.) Sir, I would as soon admit the right of himself and his associated adventurers to describe themselves as genuine Conservative leaders as I would admit the right of a gang of camp followers, who had pillaged the bodies of the slain on some field of battle, to call themselves by the names and titles of the dead soldiers whose arms and uniforms they had stolen. (Hear, hear.) Why, Sir, I doubt if these men know even the very elementary principles of the political creed they pretend to profess. I verily believe that if a decree were passed requiring these so-called Conservative representatives to be shut up in separate rooms, and not allowed to go forth until they had written out an intelligent definition of what Conservatism is, and wherein, if at all, it differs from true Liberalism, that it would be equivalent in the vast majority of cases to a sentence of imprisonment for life. (Laughter.) I will tell you, Mr. Chairman, what Conservatism is, at least as I have been brought up to understand it, and you can judge for yourselves what there is or ever was in my creed to sever me from any honest and true-hearted Canadian, of whatever political profession he may please to describe himself. (Hear, hear.) I say, then, that true Conservatism will insist above all things that the honour of our public men should be stainless; that they should hold themselves bound, under whatever temptation to prefer principle to place; that true Conservatism detests class legislation, although it respects existing rights; that it is a foe to the creation of huge fortunes by artificial legislation; that it will always earnestly desire frugality and prudence in the administration of public affairs knowing that corruption and extravagance are the sure forerunners of anarchy and revolution; that it will strive to ensure a healthy natural growth, and as much and as widely distributed a general prosperity as possible, holding that the Government of no country can be said to rest on a truly stable basis unless the bulk of the people have a direct stake in the welfare of the community in which they live; that it will always rely mainly on the support of an honest and intelligent yeomanry; that it will show loyalty and reverence to those, only, to whom loyalty and reverence are justly due; and lastly, that the true Conservative will never attempt, any more than the true Reformer, to defend evil or injustice *per se*, even if he may now and then hesitate about rooting out the wheat as well as the tares from the political cornfield. (Cheers.) These, Sir, are the doctrines of genuine Conservatism as I understand them; and it is because Sir John Macdonald utterly fails to fulfil these conditions, and because his policy is becoming ever more and more antagonistic to the principles that I have laid down, that I advise all true Conservatives not to let themselves be deluded by a false name, nor to admit that such a man as Sir John Macdonald has shown himself to be can ever again be recognized as their true leader. (Loud cheers.) And even if in former days he might once have had some faint claim to such a title, I tell them that if now, after his shameful treasuries to them and to his country, they take him back to their confidence, and again recognize him as their chief, they will be committing, only on a far larger scale, and with infinitely worse results, the very crime which the poet laureate makes King Arthur so indignantly repudiate in these noble lines:—  
I hold that man the worst of public foes,  
Who either for his own or children's sake  
(To save his blood from scandalizing the wife,  
Whom he knows false, abide and rule his house.  
Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart,  
That thou resented in the place of light,  
The mockery of thy people and their banes.  
Sir, if they do commit this error their offence will be very grievous, and so, I

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"Don't tell me, I know better," John A. will never grow either stupid or respectable—if he lives to the age of Methusalem." (Laughter and cheers.) Sir, I am very much of the old lady's opinion; and I must say that although I sometimes admired his cleverness and sometimes was disgusted with his scampishness, I never once made the mistake of trusting Sir John one inch further than I could see him. (Laughter.) Now I don't mean to say I may not have been mistaken in him. It is quite possible that I may always have thought better of him than he deserved; but as you know, it is always desirable to err on the side of charity, and I am inclined to think that he was not altogether bad in those early days, though to tell the truth, Mr. Chairman, I did come to look upon him as a sort of human chameleon, who would take his colour from his surroundings and the ground on which he moved, being sometimes black—sometimes white—sometimes orange—and sometimes green, latterly, I fear, very muddy and miry in his hue and habits. (Loud laughter.) Speaking without metaphor, I believe that Sir John, if surrounded and restrained by strong and able men, who understood him and who did not fear him, possesses qualities which might have made him a valuable public servant, although he would always have remained a tricky and dangerous one. But I believe, also, that if his evil fortune should place him among a set of weaklings or boon companions, his downward career would be both swift and certain. (Hear, hear.) One thing more. Sir John is good enough to evince a tender anxiety for my future. This is truly benevolent on his part. For myself, I am content that my future should take care of itself; but I may tell him that on one point I had made up my mind long ago. I dare say some of you remember a rather famous article which appeared in the *Globe* newspaper a good many years back, wherein Mr. Brown wound up a very pungent survey of Sir John Macdonald by remarking that his political career could be very easily traced by the tombstones of his slaughtered friends. Now, I am quite ready to face my political doom as soon as ever you please in a worthy cause, but I was fully resolved that when my time came it should not be inscribed over my grave:—"Here reposes the political remains of one Richard John Cartwright, who was once a youth of some promise, but who trusted Sir John Macdonald and perished in the general election of 187—." (as the case might have been.) (Laughter.) I observed, Sir, with some surprise, that Sir John has introduced a question as to his own veracity. All I can say is that Sir John is fearfully indiscreet in mooted such a question. But as he has chosen to make it an issue in this discussion, let us see what sort of a record he possesses. Here are a few of his "veracities." He declares in one speech "that he never indulges in personalities." Well, Sir, one lives and learns. Up to this time, in common with most of those who have ever heard or read Sir John's speeches, I was in the habit of supposing that he was nothing if not personal. I did imagine that the application to myself, for instance, of the following descriptive epithets:—"Traitor," "apostate," "bungler," "fool," "rotten stick," "no gentleman," and the further describing me as a man who had "sold his constituency, sold his family honour, sold himself, sold him" (Sir John,) and, "as one who had been guilty of the basest treachery, the basest ingratitude, and had acted from the most sordid motives of any man whom he had ever known;" the application to Mr. Mills of the title of "little animal;" to Mr. Casey of "whipper-snapper;" to Mr. Colin Macdougall, of parliamentary gorilla;" the stating that Mr. Scott had been "bought like a beast in the market;" the advice to Mr. Robson "to go back to his paint pots," and liveries other little pleasing allusions of his character, might have been considered as slightly personal. (Laughter.) But, as Sir John has formally declared that he never indulges in personalities, I suppose am bound by parliamentary etiquette, not indeed exactly to believe what he says, but to believe that he believes what

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ways earnestly desire its own ruin and prudence in the administration of public affairs knowing that corruption and extravagance are the sure forerunners of anarchy and revolution; that it will strive to ensure a healthy natural growth, and as much and as widely distributed a general prosperity as possible, holding that the Government of no country can be said to rest on a truly stable basis unless the bulk of the people have a direct stake in the welfare of the community in which they live; that it will always rely mainly on the support of an honest and intelligent yeomanry; that it will show loyalty and reverence to those, only, to whom loyalty and reverence are justly due; and lastly, that the true Conservative will never attempt, any more than the true Reformer, to defend evil or injustice *per se*, even if he may now and then hesitate about rooting out the wheat as well as the tares from the political cornfield. (Cheers.) Those, Sir, are the doctrines of genuine Conservatism as I understand them; and it is because Sir John Macdonald utterly fails to fulfil these conditions, and because his policy is becoming ever more and more antagonistic to the principles that I have laid down, that I advise all true Conservatives not to let themselves be deluded by a false name, nor to admit that such a man as Sir John Macdonald has shown himself to be can ever again be recognized as their true leader. (Loud cheers.) And even if in former days he might once have had some faint claim to such a title, I tell them that if now, after his shameful treasons to them and to his country, they take him back to their confidence, and again recognize him as their chief, they will be committing, only on a far larger scale, and with infinitely worse results, the very crime which the poet laureate makes King Arthur so indignantly repudiate in those noble lines:—  
I hold that man the worst of public foes,  
Who either for his own or children's sake  
(To save his blood from scandal) lets the wife,  
Whom he knows false, abide and rule his house.  
Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart,  
That thou rearest in thy place of light,  
The mockery of thy people and their ban.  
Sir, if they do commit this error their offence will be very grievous, and so, I fear, will be their punishment; and all the apology even their best friends can make for them will be to plead, as Lancelot later on in the same poem is made to do:—  
Their honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept them falsely true.  
(Cheers.) For asked you all to consider well what Sir John Macdonald's return to power now at this time would mean for Canada. It would mean Mr. Chairman, the approval by the electors of a system of organized corruption such as few countries have ever seen. It would mean the declaration by the people of the Dominion that they desire to be robbed and plundered. It would mean that they like to see falsehood enthroned in high places, and that they deliberately and of choice prefer to have a desperate gambler to rule over them. Sir, the people of Canada need have no fear but if they do desire all this they can very easily enjoy their wish, and also that they will assuredly pay the price for it. Twice before in our history, within the last twenty-five years, we have run wild and plunged ourselves into a sea of difficulties, from which we were only extricated after slow and painful exertions. Once in the period from 1852 to 1856, under the two-fold stimulus of an enormous railway expenditure and of the extraordinary prices obtained for our produce in consequence of the Crimean war; a second time in the period from 1870 to 1873, partly under the influence of a similar outlay for railway purposes, and partly owing to the extreme inflation in the United States. Each time we have had occasion bitterly to repent our folly, and I advise you earnestly to be ware lest we commit a third and yet greater one. Heretofore in our rashness we have chiefly sacrificed our money, and committed ourselves to foolish and premature engagements. Now, something more than our money, our national honour, in the very strictest sense, is at stake in our decision. Grant if you choose that your present Government is incompetent. Say even we are as bad as our enemies declare us to be. I admit that that is an excellent reason for displacing us, but I say it none at all for restoring our predecessors, unless, indeed, you are prepared to proclaim to all the

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lection of 187- (as the case "might have been.") (Laughter.) I observed, Sir, with some surprise, that Sir John has introduced a question as to his own veracity. All I can say is that Sir John is awfully indiscreet in mooted such a question. But as he has chosen to make an issue in this discussion, let us see what sort of a record he possesses. Here are a few of his "veracities." He declares in one speech "that he never indulges in personalities." Well, Sir, one sees and learns. Up to this time, in common with most of those who have ever heard or read Sir John's speeches, I was in the habit of supposing that he was nothing if not personal. I did imagine at the application to myself, for instance, of the following descriptive epithets: "Traitor," "apostate," "bungler," "fool," "rotten stick," "no gentleman," and the further describing me as an who had "sold his constituency, sold his family honour, sold himself, sold him" (Sir John), and, "as one who had been guilty of the basest treachery, the basest ingratitude, and had acted on the most sordid motives of any man whom he had ever known;" the application to Mr. Mills of the title of "little animal;" to Mr. Casey of the "whipper-snapper;" to Mr. Colin Macdougall, of "parliamentary gorilla;" the stating that Mr. Scott had been "bought like a beast in the market;" the advice to Mr. Robson "to go back to his paint pots," and various other little pleasing allusions of character, might have been considered as slightly personal. (Laughter.) But, Sir John has formally declared that he never indulges in personalities. I suppose am bound by parliamentary etiquette, to indeed exactly to believe what he says, but to believe that he believes what states to be correct. (Laughter.) On the same hypothesis Mr. Chairman, I assume we are to account for the assertion that "he never appointed one of his colleagues to offices of emolument," though some people have considered at the facts that Mr. Howland was made Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mr. Macdougall of Manitoba, and Mr. Chibald of Manitoba and Judge and Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Mr. Ross Judge and Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Mr. Howe Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Mr. Tilley Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and Messrs. Rankin and Macdonald Judges in their Provinces, slightly militate against the perfect accuracy of that assertion; as does the circumstance that the emigration of 400,000 French Canadians in this country to the United States having occurred between the years 1861 and 1872 likewise appears to militate against the correctness of Sir John's turn that this was the result of my own Mr. Mackenzie's free trade errors of anti-protectionist policy. (Laughter and cheers.) Well, admitting that all these little inaccuracies ought perhaps to set down as the result of advancing years and decaying memory, what are we say to Sir John's deliberate and repeated assertion that he had in his position a letter from myself wherein I stated that I objected to Sir Francis Hincks being admitted to his Cabinet because he was a Reformer, whereas the fact was that I had, and have, in my position a letter of six pages, in which Sir John attempts at great length to convince that Sir Francis would be gladly accepted by the Reform party as a Reformer. What are we to say to his deliberate statement, made on the floor of the House of Commons a very few months ago, that he had only consented to accept \$500,000 from the North-West railway after a careful and elaborate report and examination of the books of the Company by Mr. Langton, the Auditor-General? What are we to say to his declaration to Lord Dufferin, on his tour and oath of office as a sworn adviser of the Crown, "that he was absolutely innocent of all the things that Mr. Langton had laid to his charge?" or his pious aspiration that he "would to

submit, and that it has its own compensations as well as privations. Neither can I admit that it is in any case a ground for whining or complaining if men find that they cannot attend to politics and make money at one and the same time. Sir, I can tell Sir John that if, as I do not doubt, he has not found politics *per se* a very money-making occupation, he is far from singular in his experience, and that I can put my finger to-day on half a dozen men sitting round our Council board, of any one of whom it might be truly said that he has made, and is making, larger pecuniary sacrifices than ever Sir John made, or indeed had the power to make; and further, that the same is true of a great many others in the ranks of both his own party and of ours. Nay, more, if he will have the plain truth—and this ceaseless parade of his sacrifices deserves that it should be stated—I say for my part, and I have good grounds for my assertion, that I very strongly suspect after all said and done, that Sir John Macdonald is to-day far better provided for than he would probably have been had he never touched politics at all; and if he likes to dispute this statement, I will be prepared to give my reasons in some detail. (Hear, hear.) But, say some of you, be this as it may, Sir John Macdonald after all is the Conservative leader, and we are bound to support him. Sir, I say that Sir John Macdonald's pretence of any rightful claim to the allegiance of any true Conservative, or the Conservative party as a whole, is the merest usurpation. (Hear, hear.) Conservative is an honourable name in itself, and Conservatism of the right sort is a right good thing. No true statesman, by whatever name he may be called, will ever underrate the value of a Conservative element. No state has ever yet become great and stable without a large amount of wholesome Conservatism. Nor do I myself know any man whose whole cast of mind in many important respects is more truly and philosophically Conservative than my friend Mr. Blake's; of any whose instincts in all important points are more soundly Conservative than Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's, without the smallest detriment to any other qualities which either of them may possess; and I say, further, that you will find very little indeed in Sir John Macdonald of the cardinal qualities which should mark a true Conservative leader. (Hear, hear.) When, indeed, I should like to know, did Sir John in all his life ever lead a Conservative Government? Once, I believe, early in his career, he occupied for a short time a subordinate post in a Cabinet which might perhaps lay some claim to the name; but from that time to the present moment he has, during his whole political existence, owed such power as he attained to a succession of pure (or impure) coalitions, and to nothing else. (Here, hear.) What, I pray, was the Government of which he was a leading member in 1854? Who is there who knows anything of the history of those days who does not know that Sir John Macdonald and his friends held office by the grace of Sir Francis Hincks, and by that alone; that, in fact, until he left this country, Sir Francis Hincks (Mr. Hincks as he then was) was really and truly the most potent voice in that house; and all through the subsequent period, and up to his downfall in 1862, Sir John Macdonald was obliged to retain several of Sir Francis Hincks' colleagues or supporters in his Cabinet, men who, if Sir Francis Hincks had really been, as Sir John declared, steeped to the lips in corruption, were just as deeply steeped as Sir Francis Hincks himself. (Hear, hear.) Who does not know that when he formed his first Cabinet in April, 1864, he had to take in Mr. Foley, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. McGee? men whom, by no stretch of imagination, he could pretend were anything but Reformers of the most decided type. Who does not know that from that day to this, both in 1867 and afterwards, Sir John Macdonald owed his very political existence to the coalition

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### THE CRADLE.

MEAGHER—Napanee, Nov. 18, h. the wife of W. H. Meagher Merchant of a son.

### THE ALTAR.

EYVEL—JAMES—On Thursday the 22d inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. A. B. Chambers, B. C. L., George Eyvel, Esq., of the *Union*, to Miss Ella, eldest daughter of Charles James, Esq., J. A. C.

FENIA—YOUNG—On Nov. 23th at the residence of Mr. Geo. Stevens, by Rev. Dr. Hartley, Mr. Edward H. Fenia and Miss Elizabeth Young, both of Adolphustown.

NORRIS—THOMPSON—On the 27th inst., by the Rev. A. B. Chambers, B. C. L., Mr. Thomas Norris of Richmond, to Miss Viola Thompson of the same place.

ROBERTS—THOMPSON—On the 28th inst., by Rev. A. B. Chambers, B. C. L., at the residence of the bride's father Mr. Alexander Roberts, to Hester, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander Thompson of Richmond.

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had effected with certain mem-  
the Reform party? And this is  
a who prates of his Conservatism  
devotion to Conservative. princ-  
(Hear, hear.) Sir, I would as-  
mit the right of himself and his  
adventurers to describe them-  
is genuine Conservative leaders as  
I admit the right of a gang of  
followers, who had pillaged the  
of the slain on some field of battle,  
hemselves by the names and titles  
lead soldiers whose arms and uni-  
they had stolen. (Hear, hear.)  
Sir, I doubt if these men know  
very elementary principles of  
tical creed they pretend to pro-  
verily believe that if a decree  
passed requiring these so-called  
vative representatives to be shut  
apart rooms, and not allowed to  
until they had written out an in-  
definition of what Conservatism  
wherein, if at all, it differs from  
beralism, that it would be equiva-  
the vast majority of cases to a  
e of imprisonment for life.  
ter.) I will tell you, Mr. Chair-  
that Conservatism is, at least as I  
en brought up to understand it,  
I can judge for yourselves what  
or ever was in my creed to sever  
any honest and true-hearted  
in, of whatever political profession  
y please to describe himself.  
hear.) I say, then, that true  
atism will insist above all things  
honour of our public men should  
less; that they should hold them-  
ound, under whatever temptation  
r principle to place; that true  
atism detests class legislation, al-  
it respects existing rights; that it  
to the creation of huge fortunes  
cial legislation; that it will al-  
readstly desire fragility and pru-  
the administration of public af-  
fowing that corruption and extrava-  
are the sure forerunners of anarchy  
oluntion; that it will strive to en-  
ealthy natural growth, and as  
d as widely distributed a general  
ity as possible, holding that the  
ment of no country can be said to  
a truly stable basis unless the  
the people have a direct stake in  
are of the community in which  
e; that it will always rely mainly  
upport of an honest and intelli-  
anuary; that it will show loyalty  
erence to those, only, to whom  
and reverence are justly due; and  
hat the true Conservative will  
tempt, any more than the true  
ry, to defend evil or injustice per  
if he may now and then hesitate  
oting out the wheat as well as  
s from the political cornfield.  
) Those, Sir, are the doctrines of  
Conservatism as I understand  
and it is because Sir John Mac-  
atterly fails to fulfil these condi-  
and because his policy is becom-  
ing more and more antagonistic to  
ciples that I have laid down, that  
all true Conservatives not to let  
ves be defiled by a false name,  
doubt that such a man as Sir John  
aid has shown himself to be can  
in be recognized as their true  
(loud cheers.) And even if in  
lays he might once have had  
nt claim to such a title, I tell  
at it now, after his shameful  
to them and to his country, they  
back to their confidence, and  
cognize him as their chief, they  
ommitting, only on a far larger  
d with infinitely worse results,  
erime which the poet laureate  
ing Arthur so indignantly re-  
in those noble lines:—  
t man the worst of public foes,  
or for his own or children's sake  
is blood from scandal-kets the wife,  
knows false, abide and rule his house.  
e king's waste hearth and aching heart,  
resented in thy place of light,  
ery of thy people and their bane.

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er long—indeed in dishonour, true, and dishonourable kept them falsely true. (cheers.) For ask of you all to consider. It what Sir John Macdonald's return to we now at this time would mean for Canada. It would mean Mr. Chairman, approval by the electors of a system of legalized corruption such as few nations have ever seen. It would mean a declaration by the people of the continent that they desire to be robbed and plundered. It would mean that you like to see falsehood enthroned in high places, and that they deliberately of choice prefer to have a desperate ruler to rule over them. Sir, the people of Canada need have no fear but they do dislike all that they can very easily joy they wish, and also that they will surely pay the price for it. Twice before now, during within the last twenty-five years, we have run wild and plunged ourselves into a sea of difficulties from which we were only extricated after slow and painful seasons. Once in the period from 52 to 1866 under the two-fold stimulus of enormous railway expenditure and of the transitory price obtained for our produce in consequence of the Crimean war; a second time in the period from 1870 to 1873, partly under the influence of a similar outlay for railway purposes, and partly owing to a extreme inflation in the United States. At that time we have had a nation littered to rent our folly, and I advise you earnestly to beware lest we commit a third and yet a yet more. Heretofore in our rashness we were chiefly sacrificed our money, and committed ourselves to foolish and premature engagements. Now, something more than money, our national honour, in the very victory, seems to be at stake in our decision. That if you choose that your present Government is incompetent. Say even we are as bad as our enemies declare us to be. Admit that that is an excellent reason for replacing us, but I say its more at all for storing our predecessors, unless, indeed, we are prepared to proclaim to all the world that Canada has fallen so low that all public men are quite untrustworthy, and at the same time no statesmen whom an honest and intelligent man can support. Now, I say, I have more faith in the future of our country. I do not hold that public men have all sunk to such a level, and I for one have no fear of the result or appeal to the verdict of my countrymen, whether our cause be tried before the people of this Dominion, or of the Province of Ontario, or of our own good country of New Brunswick. (Long and prolonged cheers.)

CARPETS.  
OIL CLOTHS.  
LACE CURTAINS.

in honour posted in omnibus stood, faith unfaithful kept them falsely true. (eers.) For asked you all to consider what Sir John Macdonald's return to or now at this time would mean for us. It would mean Mr. Chairman, approval by the electors of a system of unbridled corruption such as few nations have ever seen. It would mean a declaration by the people of the nation that they desire to be robbed plundered. It would mean that you like to see falsehood enthroned in places, and that they deliberately of choice prefer to have a desperate ruler to rule over them. Sir, the people of Canada need have no fear, but they do desire all that they can very easily by their wish, and also that they will really pay the price for it. Twice before in history, within the last twenty-five years, we have run wild and plunged ourselves into a sea of difficulties, from which we were only extricated after slow and painful exertions. Once in the period from 1814 to 1856, and the two-fold stimulus of enormous railway expenditure and of the extraordinary price obtained for our produce in consequence of the Crimean war; and a second time in the period from 1870 to 1873, by under the influence of a similar outlay railway purposes, and partly owing to extreme inflation in the United States. In time we have had occasion bitterly to regret our folly, and I advise you earnestly to ward best we commit a third and yet a fourth. Heretofore in our rashness we have chiefly sacrificed our money, and caused ourselves to foolish and premature engagements. Now, something more than money, our national honour, in the very best sense, is at stake in our decision. If you choose that your present Government is incompetent. Say even we as bad as our enemies declare us to be, admit that that is an excellent reason for facing us, but I say its now at all for oring our predecessors, unless, indeed, we are prepared to proclaim to all the world that Canada has fallen so low that all public men are disreputable, unworthy, and unworthy of any statesmen whom an astute and intelligent man can support. I have no more faith in the rest of our country. I do not hold that public men have all sunk to such a level, I for one have no fear of the result of an appeal to the verdict of my countrymen, their cause be tried before the people of this Dominion, or of the Province of Ontario, or of our own good county of York. (Long and prolonged cheers.)

#### THE CRADLE.

GREEN—Napanee, Nov. 18 h, the wife of W. H. Meagher Merchant of a son.

#### THE ALTAR.

EL—JAMES—On Thursday the 23d inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. A. B. Chambers, B. C. L., George Eyre Esq., of the bride, to Miss Ella, eldest daughter of Charles James, Esq. J. P.

IA—YOUNG—On Nov. 24th at the residence of Mr. Geo. Stevens, by Rev. Dr. Hartley, Mr. Edward H. Funia and Miss Elizabeth Young, both of Adolphustown.

RS—THOMPSON—On the 27th inst., by the Rev. A. B. Chambers, B. C. L., Mr. Thomas Norris of Richmond, to Miss Viola Thompson of the same place.

RTS—THOMPSON—On the 28th inst., by Rev. A. B. Chambers, B. C. L., at the residence of the bride's father Mr. Alexander Roberts, to Hester, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander Thompson of Richmond.

## F HANCOCK, BROOM

—AND—  
HISK MANUFACTURER,  
MILL POINT, ONT. 31-17.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

N old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all cat and lung affections, also a positive and ical cure for nervous debility and all nervous ailments, after having tested its wonderful active powers in thousands of cases, has felt it duty to make it known to his suffering ous. Actuated by this motive, and a desire relieve human suffering, I will send, free of rge, to all who desire it, this receipt in Ger- n, French, or English, with full directions for paring and using. Sent by mail by addressing h stamp, naming this paper. W. W. Sherar, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S PLEASURE BOOK,  
BRITISH WORKMAN,  
BRITISH JUVENILE,  
COTTAGE AND ARTIZAN,  
CHILD'S COMPANION,  
CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE.

## THE POETS, IN ELEGANT BINDINGS.

Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth, Campbell, Longfellow, Hood, Coleridge, Pope, Shelly, Tennyson, Keats, Hemans, Moore, Burns, etc., etc.

Any of the above in elegant Cloth Binding, Gilt Edges, only

**\$1.00 PER VOLUME.**

Vases, Lady's Companions. Jewel Cases, Gold Pens, Writing Cases, Portfolios, Opera Glasses, Card Cases, Parian Marble Ornaments, Match Stands, Cigar Cases, Ink Stands, Ink Bottles, Brand Boards, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Pocket Books, Knives, Chess, Checkers, Dominoes, Draught Boards, Feather Dusters, Hemp Dusters.

## Photograph Albums,

To contain from Two to Two Hundred Pictures, and to hold over two or four on a page, and at any price.

## Autograph Albums

FROM 80 CTS.

## Scrap Albums,

LARGE VARIETY.

## The Easel Album,

FROM \$1.25 TO \$10.00.

China Cups, China Mugs and China Saucers. Any Price, and Any Size.

A Call is Solicited.

## John Henderson,

Bookseller and Fancy Goods Dealer,  
Dundas Street, Napanee.

Mitchell's Belladonna Improved India Rubber Porous Plaster.

There never has been a time when the healing of so many different diseases has been caused by outward application as the present. It is an undisputed fact that over half of the entire population of the globe resort to the use of ordinary plasters.

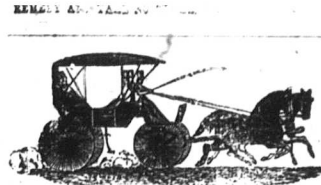
The principal ingredients used in making these Plasters are Gum Olibanum—or better known as the Frankincense of the Bible—Ratler and Burgundy Pitch, which, when scientifically compounded, is full of electricity, and when combined with the pure medicinal gums, is found to be one of the greatest healing mediums ever brought before the human race.

They are acknowledged by all who have used them to act quicker than any other Plaster they ever before tried, and that one of these Plasters will do more real service than a hundred of the ordinary kind. All other plasters are slow of action, and require to be worn continually to effect a cure; but with these it is entirely different; the instant ones applied the patient will feel its effect.

They possess all the soothing, warming, supporting and strengthening qualities of all other Plasters. Many who have been relieved of RHEUMATISM, TIC DOLOREUX, and various other pains in the KID-NEYS, BREAST or SIDE, and believe it is solely done by the electric qualities which the Porous Plasters contain, and which is imparted to the system, thus restoring them to a healthy condition.

They are very soft and pliable, still very adhesive; and a sure cure for WEAK BACKS, PAINS IN THE SIDE AND BREAST; and are invaluable to those who have a COLD of long standing, and often prevents CONSUMPTION. Some even tell us they believe they were entirely cured by the use of them of a long-seated Consumption.

Prepared by GEO. E. MITCHELL, Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists.



## POTTER BROS., LIVERY AND SALE STABLES

(ADJOINING THE ERISCO HOUSE,)  
NAPANEE, ONT.

We keep nothing but First-Class Horses and Vehicles, and at REASONABLE PRICES

Jno. A. REID



VET. SURGEON  
NAPANEE ONT.

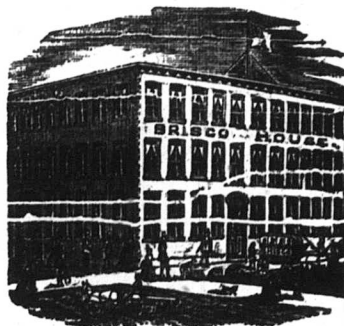
GRADUATE OF

Ontario Veterinary College.

May be consulted on all diseases of Domesticated Animals, personally at Campbell House or by letter.

TERMS MODERATE

OFFICE—Bridge Street.



BRISCO HOUSE,  
NAPANEE, ONT.

POTTER BROS., PROPRIETORS.

First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.

Omnibus to and from all Trains and Boats.

LIVERY ATTACHED.

## Consumption Cured.

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of CONSUMPTION ASTHMA BRONCHITIS CATARRH and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a Positive and Radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

DR. C. STEVENS,  
Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

SAWS

SOLID AND INSERTED TOOTH  
SAW GUMMER

SAW SWAGES SAW TEETH SAWS &c.

ADDRESS: TIR

terous Engine Works Co.  
BRANTFORD, ONT.

See you saw this advertisement.

## Full Lines in

LADIES' AND GENTS'  
MERINO UNDERCLOTHING.  
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN  
JUVENILE WOOLENS.

## Full Lines in

CLOUDS,  
SCARFS,  
SQUARES,  
HOODS,  
JACKETS.

## Full Lines in

MINK SETS.  
SEAL SETS.  
BALISTIC SETS.  
ERMINE SETS.  
SEAL CAPS.  
MINK CAPS.  
FURS  
AND  
ROBES.

## Full Lines in

LADIES STRAW & FELT HATS.  
FLOWERS.  
FEATHERS.  
PLUMES, &c., &c.,

MISS PHALEN, MANAGER.

CARPETS.  
OIL CLOTHS.  
LACE CURTAINS.  
AND REPPS.

## Full Lines in

READY-MADE CLOTHING.  
WORSTED COATINGS.  
BEAVERS.  
NAPS.  
ENGLISH SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS.

James Walters, Cutter.

## Full Lines in

MEN AND BOYS FELT HATS.  
CLOTH CAPS.  
FUR CAPS.  
AND GENS'S FURNISHINGS,

AT PRICES

TO SUIT THE TIMES

JOHN DOWNF.

Napanee, Oct. 6th, 1877.



# THE EXPRESS.

NAPANEE, NOV. 30th, 1877.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; whoever is deceived thereby is not wise; Therefore be not deceived by parties telling you that their Stoves are better than Boyle's. My iron, as asserted by others in the trade, and are also as good, if not better, because they are heavier, and consequently throw out more heat, and have given good satisfaction. Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. No connection with any other establishment in Town, but manufacture and repair Tinware of all kinds, by first-class Mechanics, and do Job Work of all kinds, in my line, and keep a large assortment of Cook-Panor Cook, Box and Coal-heating, and Double Stoves, Extra castings for stoves; stoves refitted, Ploughs, and Plough-shares of all kinds. Yours truly, H. BOYLE, agent, in William Miller's old stand, opposite Webster & Boyes.

—Any parties who wish to take a local paper can have the EXPRESS free to the end of the year, on trial, with the privilege of discontinuing at that time, if unsatisfactory. Only \$1 for 1878, postage free. Readers are requested to send in the names of their friends.

## The Death of Summer.

[For the EXPRESS.]

Another summer, with its smiles and frowns, Hath passed away into the sea of years! Where lies engulf'd the loveliest forms That nature e'er put forth since God Spoke into being this fair earth To mirror forth his glory.

How rapidly The odorous months have fled! And now, all that remains to tell Of summer's fragrant flowers, Are dry and wither'd leaves, that sigh In mournful cadence on the autumn breeze.

The sweet-voiced birds That sang at early morn in tree and copse, And oft at set of sun, until the stars Twinkled their pleasure in the crown Of meek-brow'd eve, have gone To southern climes where warmer suns And milder airs hold sway.

A nameless sadness steals Over my spirit as the cricket sings In the dead hearth of summer blooms! Already hath the foliage of the trees Died mid autumnal glories, And now their faded leafy glory, lies A tinted robe on the dead summer's tomb.

methinks I hear Summer's last sigh, breathing still Amidst the faded bowers that the loved, And loth to leave her roseate throne To autumn's chilling blasts, While midst her faded blooms I stand And lay this little tribute on her grave.

There is a climate, Where everlasting summer reigns! No frosts there nips the buds, nor roses pale From cheeks all radiant with immortal bloom, May we, when mortal life shall close, Ascend to that best clime to dwell for aye, Mid all its splendour of love, peace, and song, Then from the pearly gem of eternal life, Quaff the pure nectar of unbounded joy.

X. Y. Z.

Napanee Nov. 1877.

- Five Saturdays next month.
- Christmas comes on Tuesday.
- How do you like our new heading.
- Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!
- The wet weather of the past week has serious affected business.
- Venor predicts quite a spell of wafin weather yet.
- Reports say the roads throughout the county are in a beautiful state, especially in the northern part.
- The oldest inhabitant remembers of this weather.
- “Shut that door” will soon be the fashionable salute.
- The liabilities of the Grange Brothers foot up nearly \$200,000.
- Unusually rough weather has been experienced on the Atlantic during the past month.
- Considerable interest was manifested in Napanee on Wednesday over the result of the election in Quebec east.
- \$10,000 has been subscribed during the present week by the members and

## The Season's List.

Surprise parties are about being started. Bolt you doors at 8 p. m.

## Ed. Table.

New Dominion Monthly for December to hand as bright and interesting as ever. Dougall & Son, Montreal, Pub.

—While other towns are astir over the municipal election not a word is heard in Napanee. Announce yourselves, gentlemen.

## County Court.

The County Court and General Sessions for the county of Lennox & Addington, will be held in the court house on Tuesday, the 11th day of December next, beginning at 11 o'clock a. m.

—The lecture on Friday evening last by the Rev. A. Young was fairly attended, and all pass the highest expressions regarding the excellence of the Rev. gentleman's effort. We understand he has been solicited to deliver another at an early date. Due announcement will be made.

—Mr. Geo. Eyvil, of the *Globe* reporterial staff, was married to Miss Ella James, daughter of Chas. James, Esq., of Napanee on Thanksgiving Day, and left for Toronto on Friday morning. Heartly wishes from many friends hereabout followed the happy couple.

## M. E. Church.

Special services will be held in the M. E. Church on Sunday next. The pastor Rev. Dr. Hartley, will deliver a special discourse, appropriately following the late successful anniversary services. In the evening, the pastor will give the eighth lecture in the course to young people, subject, “Wisdom's Choice.”

## A Barley King.

The *Oswego Times* has the following: —“M. A. N. Diamond, of Napanee, may be called a ‘Barley King.’ His shipments of barley to this port for the season now about to close have been large, and we understand his operations have added many diamonds, or that which is equivalent, to his purse. No section of the country on this continent is so well adapted for the growth of barley as the Bay of Quinte, and from this source we get our best supplies.”

## HALL DEDICATION.

The interesting and instructive ceremony of dedicating the New Hall belonging to Lodge No. 86 L. O. O. F., of this town, took place on the 22nd inst., Thanksgiving Day. J. Ham Perry Esq., P. G. M., of Whitley, officiated, assisted by Bro. J. G. Moore, D. D. G. M., of Belleville, Rev. Dr. Hartley, Napanee, Bro. W. P. Lacey, and several brethren from Kingston and Belleville. The Hall is very handsomely furnished, and is a credit to the brethren of the lodge. The ceremony took place about 6 p. m., and a large attendance of ladies and friends of the members were present. At the close of the proceedings Bro. Perry made a short speech congratulating the members upon their comfortable Hall, the prosperity of the lodge, and the progress of the order generally, followed by addresses from Bro. Thers, Moore, Lacey, and Morden, the latter concluding with moving a vote of thanks to the P. G. M., and visiting brethren for the encouragement and presence, which was carried unanimously. The assembly then separated to meet in the Town Hall at 8 p. m., to attend a concert, and addresses on Odd-fellowship. Bro. W. Hosey occupied the chair. The Hall was well filled. After some fine selections by the Band, Mr. W. Middleton gave a choice song, accompanying himself on the Guitar, and was loudly encored. Rev. Dr. Hartley then gave a very excellent address on the principles and practice of Odd-fellowship, interspersed with many witty allusions, and happy hits, which was well received and listened to throughout. Bro. Perry then made a few remarks on the great

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Our columns will always be open to the discussion of matters of public interest, when we conceive such discussion will benefit or enlighten the public. By inserting such articles, however, we do not thereby endorse or approve in any way the sentiments expressed, and always reserve to ourselves the right of criticism.

## MORVEN.

(Special Correspondence to the Express.)

DEAR EDITOR,—Thanksgiving day has come and gone, and notwithstanding the mistake of the Governor appointing it on a rainy day, we think none enjoyed it more than the people of Morven. The big tea came off in the M. E. Church, as advertised surpassing by far the most sanguine expectation. As the Dr.'s failed to put in an appearance, the speech making had to be done by local talent, and a jolly good time we had. The chair was first taken by M. D. Canfield, Esq., whose name has but to be mentioned as a guarantee to efficient service. He opened with a telling speech after which he called upon Rev. J. Wright. The speaker on coming forward said there was a mistake somewhere, that he (Wright) should have been chairman, and the present chairman been called upon for a speech. Whereupon Mr. Canfield, with his ready spines, said you take the chair and I will make the speech, this caused no little amusement while the change was being made, and the second speech came eclipsing if possible the former. Happy is the community who is blest with so ready and hard to be equalled a gentleman as Mr. Canfield to preside at social gatherings. The next speaker Mr. John Guess by his readiness of utterance, and happy eloquent hits won for himself the credit of being the right man in the right place. The pastor Rev. F. B. Stratton, made an appropriate address for the occasion dilating on the object of Thanksgiving services, using as motives to thankfulness in our Dominion, our temporal prosperity, civil, mental and religious advantages. The night being so unfavorable it was decided to hold a second feast on Saturday evening, in order if possible, to make way with the vast amount of viands on hand. Saturday came, and with it came the rain, and it seemed the fates were against us, we were obliged to experience what Shakespeare once said, that “What the fates ordain that man must need endure.” But the dark and the storm are small barriers, when loaded tables, bonus music and grand speeches in prospect, are drawing with the silent but powerful force of gravitation itself, so the second was superior to the first. The additional speakers were Mr. Andrew, Esq., who gave an excellent address, and the Rev. Thos. McVety, full of choice matter as an egg is of meat. The singing throughout was discoursed by the Morven choir and would have done credit to town or city choirs of greater pretensions. The best of all was the pocket thanks-offerings, amounting in all to \$122.00, everybody went home pleased that had met—sorry to part, and joyous in anticipation of meeting again next Thanksgiving day, arrangements having been made to make this an annual affair.

FESTUS.

Nov. 27th, 1877

## BETHANY.

An old friend called upon us one day this week, and in response to a request to give us a report of the late Tea Meeting at Morven sends us as following: Whv, good morning Mr. Editor, glad to see you, I declare you are the same goodnatured obliging little man I used to meet so often in the *New Nation* Office. Happy to find the Napanee EXPRESS has fallen into the hands of one so well qualified for the Editor's Sanctum. Well, well, don't this beat all? Sold out in Pieton and bought here, eh? Hope you will enjoy your new relations, I don't

## The Week's News.

### Canadian.

Manitoba grain ranks A 1 on the York Exchange.

Walkerton's building operations season foot up \$150,000.

The last ocean steamer of the season left the Port of Montreal on Saturday.

The Welland Railway station at and was burned on Saturday morning.

Passenger train are expected to be running between Montreal and Hull, early in December.

The difficulty between the Ha County Council and the Grand Junction Railway has been settled.

The Provincial Assembly will be together for the despatch of business Wednesday, the 9th of January.

An official contradiction is given report that small-pox had again broken out in Keewatin.

The write for the Nicolet election issued yesterday. The nomination, take place on the 11th prox.

The sentence of death passed on the Castleton abortionist, has been muted to imprisonment for life, follow the precedents set in the cases of and Dr. Sparham. In the case of ams, the Weston murderer, it is understood that the law will be allowed to its course.

Mr. Geo. Johnson, hotel-keeper, erton, was brought up on the 19th instant charged with allowing, gamblers, in his house, and, besides mulcted in about fifty dollars, deprived of his license for a period of months.

A Barkerville, Cariboo, dispatch Nov. 6, says: —Mr. Harper has from half the amalgam twelve ounce gold, valued at \$185. He has half amalgam and six flasks of quicksilver to retort. He estimates the yield forty tons of rock to be \$528.

Several Wingham men who were in California in the spring have been being satisfied now that they are better in Canada.

The Port Perry *Observer* favours drainage of Lake Scugog, while *Standard* argues that the proposed will prove futile,

A member of the Quebec Provincial Police force has gone to Chicago to after Bartley, the supposed murderer Sergeant Dore in Beauce. One of erton's detectives is also said to be in the murderer in Maine.

Letters from England state that dian barley is in great request for purposes.

The Government steamer *Ne* sailed from Montreal yesterday for with goods for the Exhibition. Dr is preparing for the Exhibition a collection of Canadian fish, game, fruit.

Last season's *Hansard* is ready for distribution.

A Reform Association has been formed at Port Hope.

A Reform Association has been organized in the township of Hope, Durham.

The workmen employed on the railway bridge over the St. Maurice Three Rivers struck on Monday; subsequently assailed men sent Quebec to replace them.

### American.

Another Cuban filibustering expedition is being in preparation, the expected to start from New Orleans, Bristol Philadelphia.

A regiment of Mexican regulars arrived at the mouth of the Rio Grande. They are the first detachment of a of 2,500 men ordered to the front.

Ascend to that blest clime to dwell for aye  
Mid all its splendour of love, innocence and song,  
Then from the pearl-embellished goblet of eternal life,  
Quaff the pure nectar of unbounded joy.

Napanee Nov. 1877.

X. X. Z.

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- Christmas comes on Tuesday.
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- Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!
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- Reports say the roads throughout the county are in a beautiful state, especially in the northern part.
- The oldest inhabitant remembers of this weather.
- “Shut that door” will soon be the fashionable salute.
- The liabilities of the Grange Brothers foot up nearly \$200,000.

—Unusually rough weather has been experienced on the Atlantic during the past month.

Considerable interest was manifested in Napanee on Wednesday over the result of the election in Quebec cast.

—\$10,000 has been subscribed during the present week by the members and friends of the M. E. Church, Napanee, to liquidate the debt on the edifice. Well done.

—A valuable overcoat was stolen from the Brisco House last week. No trace of it, though lively suspicions are entertained of a light-fingered individual, with no particular calling.

A colored preacher in Alabama put his foot on excessive bribery at elections, and crushed it. “Dis ting,” he says; “ob getting \$100 for a vote is all wrong \$10 is as much as it’s worth.”

—The *Oswego Times* says:—“No section of the country on this continent is so well adapted for the growth of barley as the Bay of Quinte district, and from this source we get our best samples.” True as print!

—The scene of the late fearful struggle between the armies of Russia and Turkey has been immortalized. Buckshot, Post office, Addington, having been changed to Plevna.

—So nearly alike are they that the Merchants, Montreal and Consolidated Banks have taken the counterfeit Dominion \$4 notes. There are also spurious \$5 bills on the British North American Bank, Kingston branch, still in circulation.

—Now is the time to pot hyacinths. Then place in a dark, cool cellar for six weeks, when they may be brought up for more rapid growth.

—Ladies now-a-days use a solution of white sugar to architecturally display their front hair. Most people may not be aware that this is the means by which “beautiful Circassian ladies” are manufactured for the side-shows.

—We notice that the Windsor Council have purchased a lot of stone to furnish work for tramps that frequent that place. From the large number that have lately been seeking Napanee, this place is considered a sort of bonanza by the fraternity. Wouldn’t it be a good idea to dispel the idea of our western friends.

—A correspondent informs us of an attempted burglary at Yarker, on Tuesday night of last week. John Moss was discovered attempting to enter Ewart’s Woolen Mill, and while making his escape was favored with a charge of shot in the back. This brought him to bay, and now he languishes in the County boarding house. He was elected to be tried before the judge. His position is said to be dangerous.

#### Grain Shipments.

To Oswego during the past week by Diamond & Sherwood.

town, took place on the 22nd inst., Thanksgiving Day. J. H. Perry Esq., P. G. M., of Whitby, officiated, assisted by Bro. J. G. Moore, D. D. G. M., of Belleville, Rev. Dr. Hartley, Napanee, Bro. W. P. Lacey, and several brethren from Kingston and Belleville. The Hall is very handsomely furnished, and is a credit to the brethren of the lodge. The ceremony took place about 6 p. m., and a large attendance of ladies and friends of the members were present. At the close of the proceedings Bro. Perry made a short speech congratulating the members upon their comfortable Hall, the prosperity of the lodge, and the progress of the order generally, followed by addresses from Brothers, Moore, Lacey, and Morden, the latter concluding with moving a vote of thanks to the P. G. M., and visiting brethren for the encouragement and presence, which was carried unanimously. The assembly then separated to meet in the Town Hall at 8 p. m., to attend a concert, and addresses on Odd-fellowship. Bro. W. Hosey occupied the chair. The Hall was well filled. After some fine selections by the Band, Mr. W. Middleton gave a choice song, accompanying himself on the Guitar, and was loudly encored. Rev. Dr. Hartley then gave a very excellent address on the principles and practice of Oddfellowship, interspersed with many witty allusions, and happy hits, which was well received and listened to throughout. Bro. Perry then made a few remarks on the great and noble mission of the order, after which the Band played some fine gems, the whole concluding with a farce entitled “Make Your Wills” by the Napanee Dramatic Club, which was well rendered. The concert concluded the members of the lodge and their friends adjourned to the Brisco House, to partake of an oyster supper, provided in the usually excellent style of “Mine Host.” At the close, the customary patriotic and complimentary toasts were proposed, and responded to by Bro. Perry, in some happy reminiscences of Napanee, also by Bros. Moore, Morden and Osborne. The brethren then separated for their homes, having experienced an exceptional happy reunion. May there be many returns.

#### M. E. CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

The services of the late anniversary of the M. E. Church, which were commenced on Sabbath last were of a very interesting and highly successful character. On Sabbath morning, the pastor Rev. Dr. Hartley delivered a discourse, the theme of which was “The gain to the church from the exaltation of Christ.” We have seldom if ever heard the Rev. Dr. surpass his efforts on this occasion, the audience being very deeply impressed with eloquent utterances. This service was followed by the presentation of the financial needs of the church, and subscriptions were called for by Rev. Dr. Stone, former pastor, now Editor of the *Canada Christian Advocate*. The indebtedness remaining on the beautiful edifice was stated to be \$4,000. Robert Denison, Esq., set the ball in motion by a grand contribution of \$2,000, followed by J. Gilbard & Son, of \$1,000, Messrs. D. Unger and C. Lane each \$500, with several others of \$250 each, until at the close of the morning exercise it was found that over one half of the amount required had been subscribed. In the evening, Rev. Dr. Stone delivered an earnest and eloquent sermon, after which the matter of raising subscriptions was again presented, and several additional sums were received. The Tea meeting on Monday evening was a grand success, notwithstanding the rain, about two hundred were present. Several large tables were elegantly laid, filled with a profusion of the choicest vivands. Indeed the ladies of this church are known far and wide for the superb character of the refreshments they provided at the entertainment of this character. Supper over, the guests repaired to the audience room, where Dr. Stone and the Pastor resumed the work in hand of soliciting additional sums toward the liquidation of the entire debt. In the aggregate nearly or quite \$10,000 dollars have been secured. The contributions are all of the very best

music and and grand speeches in powerful, are drawing with the silent but powerful force of gravitation itself, so the second was superior to the first. The additional speakers were Mr. Andrew, Esq., who gave an excellent address, and the Rev. Thos. McVety, full of choice matter as an egg is of meat. The singing throughout was discoursed by the Morven choir and would have done credit to town or city choirs of greater pretensions. The best of all was the pocket thanks-offerings, amounting in all to \$122.00, everybody went home pleased that had met—sorry to part, and joyous in anticipation of meeting again next Thanksgiving day, arrangements having been made to make this an annual affair.

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Why, good morning Mr. Editor, glad to see you, I declare you are the same goodnatured obliging little man I used to meet so often in the *New Nation* Office Picton. Happy to find the Napanee EXPRESS has fallen into the hands of one so well qualified for the Editor’s Sanctum. Well, well, don’t this beat all? Sold out in Picton and bought here, eh? Hope you will enjoy your new relations, I don’t wish to disturb you, but I just called to pay for those Anniversary bills for the M. E. Church Bethany. Oh, by the way, I believe nothing has been said about that show, well I tell you we had a big time, you see Mr. Editor how it happened. The congregation at Bethany, I suppose for natural singing ability can’t be surpassed in a country crowd anywhere. All that was wanted was a machine to start them. So Rev. Stratton, their pastor, with his strong love for music urged them to be equal to their neighbors, and purchase an organ. Of course as he sells the cheapest and best they bought of him. Well, all went well enough until money was required. To provide for this Anniversary services were held as announced, Rev. C. S. Estman of Picton filled the pulpit on Sabbath three times. To say the sermons were good would not be a proper word to use. To give a synopsis would be to spoil them. He won golden opinions, and did great good for his Master. Monday night came, and as it was before the last rain storm began, they had a fine night and a good house Tea supper. The choir was ably filled by Irvine Parks, Esq., a rising young man of no ordinary ability. Well now, as to the speeches they were splendid. The first speaker was the Rev. Mr. Shortz of Mill Point, sharp, pithy, and went catching quails, in a very humorous manner. Rev. C. S. Eastman was next called upon, and gave a very sound and solid address. Next came the witty jocosclever P. E. Rey, I. B. Aylsworth, M. A. L. L. B., and last came Rev. Dr. Hartley of Napanee, who is ever ready for the rostrum. The last two speakers, are so well known about your town that eulogies on their efforts, would be idle, I believe your editors don’t like to be bothered with lauders, but I crave your indulgence. The solos, quartets, anthems, and full choruses were of the best selections, and rendered with such ability as to send a thrill of pleasure through the entire audience. The organist, the Misses Woodcock, Miss A. Miller and Miss Stratton led with great celerity. The choir singing is being conducted by Mr. N. Woodcock a gentleman, who is doing much to elevate the science of music. The wind up beats all the rest, for the entire offerings to the organ funds, netted the handsome sum of \$433.30 cash. This has been nicely supplemented since. I tell you the Bethany people are proud of their success. I ask your pardon for detaining you so long, but if course Editors ought to know all particulars about everything. Hope you will succeed well in Napanee, come and see us, and bring along your wife, don’t forget, good day.

#### A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY.

A member of the Quebec Provi Police force has gone to Chicago to after Bartley, the supposed murderer Sergeant Dore in Beauce. One of 1 erton’s detectives is also said to be 1 ing the murderer in Maine.

Letters from England state that C dian barley is in great request for ma purposes.

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A regiment of Mexican regulars arrived at the mouth of the Rio Gr They are the first detachment of a of 2,500 men ordered to the frontie Diaz to preserve order.

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#### WRECK OF A NAN-OF-WAR

##### A NUMBER OF LIVES LOST.

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particular calling.

A colored preacher in Alabama put his foot on excessive bribery at elections, and crushed it. "Dis ting," he says; "ob getting \$100 for a vote is all wrong \$10 is as much as it's worth."

The Oswego Times says:—"No section of the country on this continent is so well adapted for the growth of barley as the Bay of Quinte district, and from this source we get our best samples." True as print!

The scene of the late fearful struggle between the armies of Russia and Turkey has been immortalized. Buckshot, Post office, Addington, having been changed to Plevna.

So nearly alike are they that the merchants, Montreal and Consolidated Bank have taken the counterfeit Dominion \$4 notes. There are also spurious \$5 bills on the British North American Bank, Kingston branch, still in circulation.

Now is the time to pot hyacinths. Then place in a dark, cool cellar for six weeks, when they may be brought up for more rapid growth.

Ladies now-a-days use a solution of white sugar to architecturally display their front hair. Most people may not be aware that this is the means by which "beautiful Circassian ladies" are manufactured for the side-shows.

We notice that the Windsor Council have purchased a lot of stone to furnish work for tramps that frequent that place. From the large number that have lately been seeking Napanee, this place is considered a sort of bonanza by the fraternity. Wouldn't it be a good idea to dispel the idea of our western friends.

A correspondent informs us of an attempted burglary at Yarker, on Tuesday night of last week. John Moss was discovered attempting to enter Ewart's Woollen Mill, and while making his escape was favored with a charge of shot in the back. This brought him to bay, and now he languishes in the County boarding house. He was elected to be tried before the judge. His position is said to be dangerous.

#### Grain Shipments.

To Oswego during the past week by Diamond & Sherwood.

5,000 bu. Barley.  
6,000 " Rye  
3,280 " Pease.

By Downey Bros.

2,000 bu. Barley.  
4,000 " Rye.

By the Granger's.

20,000 bu. Barley.  
By Milliner & Co.—Mill Point.  
2,617 bu. Barley

Cheese shipments to England, 413 boxes. (2669 lbs.)

#### Poisoned.

On Friday last a child of Wm. Perry, Esq., of Napanee, was accidentally poisoned by its mother. A strong solution of saltpetre had been prepared to apply externally on the throat of another child suffering from quinsy, and the little unfortunate asking for a drink the mother took the cup containing the dangerous solution by mistake, and gave it to the child to drink. A physician was summoned immediately on the discovery of the error to and every exertion was made to save the child's life.

#### Tampering with Mails.

On Tuesday last it was reported to Mr. Barrer, Post Office Inspector, that on the 20th of October three registered letters had been stolen from the mail bag between Adolphustown and Kingston. Circumstances led to a suspicion that Charles Aylsworth, mail driver between Picton and Kingston, was the guilty party, and he was arrested last night. Aylsworth, has been sentenced to five years in the Penitentiary on his own confession, for robbing Her Majesty's Mail, just one year for each \$8 stolen.

oyster supper, provided in the usually excellent style of "Mine Host." At the close, the customary patriotic and complimentary toasts were proposed, and responded to by Bro. Perry, in some happy reminiscences of Napanee, also by Bros. Moore, Morden and Osborne. The brethren then separated for their homes, having experienced an exceptional happy reunion. May there be many returns.

#### M. E. CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

The services of the late anniversary of the M. E. Church, which were commenced on Sabbath last were of a very interesting and highly successful character. On Sabbath morning, the pastor Rev. Dr. Hartley delivered a discourse, the theme of which was "The gain to the church from the exaltation of Christ." We have seldom if ever heard the Rev. Dr. surpass his efforts on this occasion, the audience being very deeply impressed with eloquent utterances. This service was followed by the presentation of the financial needs of the church, and subscriptions were called for by Rev. Dr. Stone, former pastor, now Editor of the *Canada Christian Advocate*. The indebtedness remaining on the beautiful edifice was stated to be \$8,000. Robert Denison, Esq., set the ball in motion by a grand contribution of \$2,000, followed by J. Gibbard & Son, of \$1,000, Messrs. D. Unger and C. Lane each \$500, with several others of \$250 each, until at the close of the morning exercise it was found that over one half of the amount required had been subscribed. In the evening, Rev. Dr. Stone delivered an earnest and eloquent sermon, after which the matter of raising subscriptions was again presented, and several additional sums were received. The Tea meeting on Monday evening was a grand success, notwithstanding the rain, about two hundred were present. Several large tables were elegantly laid, filled with a profusion of the choicest viands. Indeed the ladies of this church are known far and wide for the superb character of the refreshments they provided at the entertainment of this character. Supper over, the guests repaired to the audience room, where Dr. Stone and the Pastor resumed the work in hand of soliciting additional sums toward the liquidation of the entire debt. In the aggregate nearly or quite \$10,000 dollars have been secured. The subscriptions are all of the very best kind, and certain to be paid. This church so prosperous in the past, has now before it opportunities of increased power and usefulness. Its debt all provided for. Its congregations constantly enlarging, its Pastor, an earnest worker, and are eloquent and divine, its future presents a bright aspect. To Dr. Hartley, a large amount of praise is due for his untiring labor in placing the church on this favorable footing, and those who have generously responded in subscriptions, must feel a peculiar satisfaction at the grand result. We understand that still further improvements in the church premises are anticipated, and we may hope soon to see the surroundings of the edifice still further enhance its appearance. We give below a list of all who subscribed to the amount of \$100 and upwards.

R. Denison	\$2,000
J. Gibbard & Son	1,000
J. Denison	500
D. Unger	500
W. Latimer	500
C. Lane	500
A. L. Morden, Esq.	500
W. Anderson	500
E. Stone	500
T. A. Huffman	500
Jas. M. Lake	500
Rich Huffman	500
Ernie Sills	500
Urie Sills	500
Jas. Allen	500
J. B. Blanchard	500
Ibra Sills	500
Erasmus Sills	500
M. Pringle	100
H. V. Franck	100
J. M. Smith	100
T. Symington	100
G. B. Sills	100
Jas. McCay	100
J. W. Gordon	100
Norman Scott	100

Ninety others from \$75 to \$20; in all, raised \$10,000.

passed in a country crowd anywhere. All that was wanted was a machine to start them. So Rev. Stratton, their pastor, with his strong love for music urged them to be equal to their neighbors, and purchase an organ. Of course as he sells the cheapest and best they bought of him. Well, all went well enough until money was required. To provide for this Anniversary services were held as announced, Rev. C. S. Eastman of Picton filled the pulpit on Sabbath three times. To say the sermons were good would not be a proper word to use. To give a synopsis would be to spoil them. He won golden opinions, and did great good for his Master. Monday night came, and as it was before the last rain storm began, they had a fine night and a good house. Tea superb. The choir was ably filled by Irvine Parks, Esq., a rising young man of no ordinary ability. Well now, as to the speeches they were splendid. The first speaker was the Rev. Mr. Shorts of Mill Point, sharp, pithy, and went catching quails, in a very humorous manner. Rev. C. S. Eastman was next called upon, and gave a very sound and solid address. Next came the witty, joceous clever P. E. Rev. I. B. Aylsworth, M. A. L. L. B., and last came Rev. Dr. Hartley of Napanee, who is ever ready for the rostrum. The last two speakers, are so well known about your town that eulogies on their efforts, would be idle. I believe you editors don't like to be bothered with lauders, but I crave your indulgence. The solos, quartets, anthems, and full choruses were of the best selections, and rendered with such ability as to send a thrill of pleasure through the entire audience. The organist, the Misses Woodcock, Miss A. Miller and Miss Stratton led with great celerity. The choir singing is being conducted by Mr. N. Woodcock a gentleman, who is doing much to elevate the science of music. The wind up beats all the rest, for the entire offerings to the organ funds, netted the handsome sum of \$130.30 cash. This has been nicely supplemented since. I tell you the Bethany people are proud of their success. I ask your pardon, for detaining you so long, but if course editors ought to know all particulars about everything. Hope you will succeed well in Napanee, come and see us, and bring along your wife, don't forget, good day.

#### A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY.

A North German newspaper gives an account of a discovery and invention, by means of which it is rendered possible wholly to overcome the force of gravitation so that a man in the last stage of consumption will, by employing it, be able to lift a body of any assignable weight; he could, for instance, easily draw up to the surface an iron-clad that had sunk to the bottom of a river, provided only the apparatus, which consists of a slender wire, could be made to griddle the ship so that its ends could be brought into contact with each other. Satisfactory experiments with the invention are said to have been made in the presence of German officers, as the price of divulging his secret method of accomplishing this unheard of results, the inventor—who is, by the way, a South German—demands the trifling sum of \$3,000,000.

Many years ago the British Crown sent to its faithful subjects in the colony of South California a chime of bells, which were hung in the steeple of St. Michael's—that graceful spire which a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren designed, and which is to-day the fairest as well as the first thing which one sees after crossing the harbour bar. These bells were captured by the British during the Revolutionary War, and were sent to England, where they have remained to this day. Although St. Michael's has of its own, an English merchant has offered to send back the old bells, and Senator Gordon has introduced in the Senate a resolution providing for their admission to this country free of duty.

has lived in Alaska for ten years, the land is worthless and the seal fish likely to be soon exhausted. There but one hundred white persons in country.

A family near Slaughterville, Ky., been driven from home by rattlesnakes which have taken up their quarters in the house. The neighbours had railed and at last reports had killed two seven, and were still on guard.

The attention of the United States Government has been formally called the Mexican Government to the exist on the north bank of the Rio Grande camp of supposed filibusters, and Washington authorities have been a to insist on the neutrality laws being speeded.

The Chicago Tribune says that Dr. I. Russell, a prominent physician, infidel in religious faith, of Bell con Ill., was recently taken from his bed by a company of men said to members of the Baptist church, strip and addressed thus:—"We know you an honest man and a good physician, we will tolerate no infidels in Bell con so, by the help of God, we will stop career of infidelity." A hundred la were then laid upon his naked back, was then freed, and a notice posted o tree that hereafter infidelity in county will be punished by the torch halter."

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The cause of the disaster was t weather, and a fresh gale blowing. assistance can be rendered from steam as the surf is till very heavy. Paym Saunders, reported saved yesterday day. It is believed that it will be s days yet before all the survivors can gathered up, as many may have l washed ashore lower down the be The *Huron* had a good complement ship's boats, and it is not impropr that other survivors may still be h from.

The *Huron* was an iron screw prler, carrying four guns, of 541 tons. wrecking steamer *Resolute* was dispie to her assistance.

The *Huron* left Fort Monroe yeste on a cruise to the West Indies. theory of those well acquainted with coast is that she got caught in the he of the gale and, while trying to hold head to wind, her machinery gave her sails were useless, and she dri ashore.

The life-saving station nearest to point where the *Huron* went ashore not been ordered on active work, i itimated, because of the meagreness of appropriations.

The secretary of the navy has ord the surviving officers of the *Huron* t brought here. They will probably a on Tuesday, when the particulars of disaster will be disclosed.

New York, Nov. 24.—Comma Ryan, of the *Huron*, was considered of the best of our naval officers. He selected for observing the transit Venus, and was recently ordered to *Huron*. It is stated that loss of Government by the disaster is ne \$700,000.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Our columns will always be open to the discussion of matters of public interest, when we conceive such discussion will benefit or enlighten the public. By inserting such articles, however, we do not thereby endorse or approve in any way the sentiments expressed, and always reserve to ourselves the right of criticism.

### MORVEN.

(Special Correspondence to the Express.)

DEAR EDITOR,—Thanksgiving day has come and gone, and notwithstanding the mistake of the Governor appointing it on a rainy day, we think none enjoyed it more than the people of Morven. The big tea came off in the M. E. Church, as advertised surpassing by far the most sanguine expectation. As the Dr.'s failed to put in an appearance, the speech making had to be done by local talent, and a jolly good time we had. The chair was first taken by M. D. Canfield, Esq., whose name has but to be mentioned as a guarantee to efficient service. He opened with a telling speech after which he called upon Rev. J. Wright. The speaker on coming forward said there was a mistake somewhere, that he (Wright) should have been chairman, and the present chairman been called upon for a speech. Whereupon Mr. Canfield, with his ready apertness, said you take the chair and I will make the speech, this caused no little amusement while the change was being made, and the second speech came elipsing if possible the former. Happy is the community who is blest with so ready and hard to be equalled a gentleman as Mr. Canfield to preside at social gatherings. The next speaker Mr. John Guess by his readiness of utterance, and happy eloquent hits won for himself the credit of being the right man in the right place. The pastor Rev. F. B. Stratton, made an appropriate address for the occasion dilating on the object of Thanksgiving services, using as motives to thankfulness in our Dominion, our temporal prosperity, civil, mental and religious advantages. The night being so unfavorable it was decided to hold a second feast on Saturday evening, in order if possible, to make way with the vast amount of viands on hand. Saturday came, and with it came the rain, and it seemed the fates were against us, we were obliged to experience what Shakespeare once said, that "What the fates ordain that man must need endure." But the dark and the storm are small barriers, when loaded tables, bonus music and grand speeches in prospect, are drawing with the silent but powerful force of gravitation itself, so the second was superior to the first. The additional speakers were Mr. Andrew, Esq., who gave an excellent address, and the Rev. Thos. McVety, full of choice matter as an egg is of meat. The singing throughout was discouraged by the Morven choir and would have done credit to town or city choirs of greater pretensions. The best of all was the pocket thanks-offerings, amounting in all to \$122.00, everybody went home pleased that had met—sorry to part, and joyous in anticipation of meeting again next Thanksgiving day, arrangements having been made to make this an annual affair.

FESTUS.

Nov. 27th, 1877

### BETHANY.

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## The Week's News.

### Canadian.

Manitoba grain ranks A 1 on the New York Exchange.

Walkerton's building operations this season foot up \$150,000.

The last ocean steamer of the season left the Port of Montreal on Saturday.

The Welland Railway station at Welland was burned on Saturday morning.

Passenger train are expected to be running between Montreal and Hull, P. Q., early in December.

The difficulty between the Hastings County Council and the Grand Junction Railway has been settled.

The Provincial Assembly will be called together for the despatch of business on Wednesday, the 9th of January.

An official contradiction is given of the report that small-pox had again broken out in Keewatin.

The write for the Nicolet election was issued yesterday. The nomination will take place on the 11th prox.

The sentence of death passed on Smith, the Castleton abortionist, has been commuted to imprisonment for life, following the precedents set in the cases of Davis and Dr. Sparham. In the case of Williams, the Weston murderer, it is understood that the law will be allowed to take its course.

Mr. Geo. Johnson, hotel-keeper, Walkerton, was brought up on the 19th instant charged with allowing, gambling etc., in his house, and, besides being mulcted in about fifty dollars, was deprived of his license for a period of two months.

A Barkerville, Cariboo, dispatch dated Nov. 6. says:—Mr. Harper has taken from half the amalgam twelve ounces of gold, valued at \$185. He has half the amalgam and six flasks of quicksilver still to retort. He estimates the yield from forty tons of rock to be \$528.

Several Wingham men who went to California in the spring have returned, being satisfied now that they can do better in Canada.

The Port Perry *Observer* favours the drainage of Lake Scugog, while the *Standard* argues that the proposed plan will prove futile.

A member of the Quebec Provincial Police force has gone to Chicago to look after Bartley, the supposed murderer of Sergeant Dore in Beauce. One of Pinkerton's detectives is also said to be hunting the murderer in Maine.

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### American.

Another Cuban filibustering expedition is said to be in preparation, the steamers to start from New Orleans, Bristol, and Philadelphia.

A regiment of Mexican regulars has arrived at the mouth of the Rio Grande. They are the first detachment of a force

## WAR NEWS.

### Thursday.

The Russians success at Kara, while it has dispirited the Porte and disposed it in favour of peace negotiations, has proportionately emboldened the Russians, who are now beginning to talk of a dash through the Balkans upon Adrianople. They have at Tirnova some fifty-five or sixty thousand men who would be available for such a movement, which, if made at all, would be commenced simultaneously with Mehemet Ali's forward march to the relief of Plevna. There has been severe fighting both on the Danube, west of Nikopoli, and on the Lom. In the first-named district the Roumanians have captured Rahova after a three-days' engagement, and are pursuing the Turks towards Lom-Palanka and Widin. The Roumanian batteries at Kalafat have also sunk a Turkish steamer. In Eastern Bulgaria the result is more doubtful. Both sides claim the victory, but this much at least appears to be certain, that the Turks temporarily occupied and burnt Pyrgos. They also claim to have repulsed a Russian attack on Kadikoi, while the Russian account has it that the Turks were the attacking party and were driven back.

The Greek Chamber has shelved the motion for an enquiry into Turkish outrages in the frontier provinces, which amounts to a Ministerial victory.

### Friday.

An attempt to relieve Plevna by a repetition of Mehemet Ali's tactics of threatening the Czarevitch and the Danube crossings, is believed to be in preparation on the Lom. This, with the announcement of the opening of the bombardment of Plevna, and of the proclamation of martial law along the Serbian frontier—Servia's declaration of war being hourly expected—constitute this morning's budget of news from the seat of war.

### Saturday.

A report comes to hand this morning that negotiations have been opened for the surrender of Plevna, and that orders have been received by Russian contractors at Gurgevo to prepare 70,000 bags of biscuit for the use of Osman Pasha's army. It is but a few days ago that Plevna was reported to be well victualled the Russians themselves stating that large herds of cattle were to be seen within the lines of the besieged, so that this rumour from the Danube would appear to lack authenticity. A great battle is to be progressing at Tirnova, and a slight engagement has occurred in the direction of Orchanic which two Russian regiments were all but out to places.

There is fresh trouble in Greece, the Ministry having resigned in consequence of language used during the recent debate in the Chamber, and the King refusing to accept their resignations. The populace give vent to a general feeling in favour of war with Turkey.

From Manchester an alarmist rumour with regard to the feeling in England comes to hand. Stripped of its sensational adornments, the report may be taken to mean—at least until more authentic news is received—that the Conservative organs are clamouring for intervention. The rest of the despatch bears a marked resemblance to the alarmist reports received day after day during the earlier stages of the war.

### Monday.

Sensational reports respecting both the attitude of the Powers and the movements of the belligerents appear to be the order of the day. While last week's rumours respecting Osman Pasha's intention of surrendering, and the inauguration of negotiations looking towards mediation are contradicted, a fresh batch of improbable reports are served up. It is now stated that Russia is willing to entertain peace proposals, and as a fitting pendant to this unlikely story, we are told of a

## AMNESTY TO O'DONOUGHUE.

### TEXT OF THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

OTTAWA, Nov. 24.—The following is the text of the proclamation of amnesty, published in the *Canada Gazette* :—

Whereas, Certain misguided persons did in the years one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine and one thousand eight hundred and seventy, in that part of our dominions in North America then known as Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory, and now forming the Province of Manitoba in our Dominion of Canada, oppose Our authority, and contrary to their allegiance to us did assume to exercise the powers and authorities of a Government, and did incite other persons to act in conjunction with them, being thereby guilty of high treason and other treasonable acts against our Crown and dignity.

And Whereas, By our Royal Proclamation, dated the twenty-third day of April, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five. We were pleased in compliance with an address of our House of Commons of Canada in that behalf, of the twelfth day of February, A. D. 1875, to proclaim in effect that save and except Louis Reil, Ambrose Lepine, and W. B. O'Donoghue, all persons whatsoever should be pardoned of all crimes or of fences of a political nature or against us our Crown authority, and Government committed in that part of Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory, now the Province of Manitoba, prior to the second day of September, A. D. 1870 with which they then stood charged or might be chargeable at that time as being dependent upon or connected with the part such persons, except as afore said, might have respectively taken in the year 1869 and 1870 prior to the second day of September, 1870, with regard to the matter above recited, and that the said Louis Reil and Ambrose Lepine should be pardoned in like manner upon the express condition that each of them should absent and keep himself absent from the Dominion of Canada for the period of five years from the said 23rd day of April, A. D. 1870, and abstain from the exercise and enjoyment of his political rights therein and for during the said term ;

And Whereas, being well assured of the loyalty of the inhabitants of our said Province of Manitoba, and of the firm establishment of peace, order, and good government therein, and about one-half of the said period of five years having now elapsed. We are willing to extend to the said W. B. O'Donoghue our Royal mercy, subject to the same terms and conditions upon which our Royal mercy was extended to the said Louis Reil and Ambrose Lepine.

Now Know Ye, that We do of our Royal will and pleasure ordained, direct declared, and proclaim that the said W. B. O'Donoghue is and shall be acquitted, pardoned, released, and discharged from all and all manner of treasons, treasonable acts, felonies, seditions, misdemeanours, crimes or offences of a political nature, or against us, our Crown, authority, and Government, committed as here in before mentioned, with which he now stands charged or may be chargeable at this time, as being dependent upon or connected with the part he, the said W. B. O'Donoghue, may have taken in the years one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine and one thousand eight hundred and seventy, prior to the second day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy, with regard to the matters herein before recited and that all proceedings in respect thereof shall cease, and determine upon this said express condition that the said W. B. O'Donoghue do and shall absent and keep himself from the Dominion of Canada for the period of five years, from the 23rd day of April, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, and abstain from the exercise and enjoyment of his political rights therein and for during



against us, we were obliged to experience what Shakespeare once said, that "What the fates ordain that man must need endure." But the dark and the storm are small barriers, when loaded with music and grand speeches in prospect, are drawing with the silent but powerful force of gravitation itself, so the second was superior to the first. The additional speakers were Mr. Andrew, Esq., who gave an excellent address, and the Rev. Thos. McVety, full of choice matter as an egg is of meat. The singing throughout was discoursed by the Morven choir and would have done credit to town or city choirs of greater pretensions. The best of all was the pocket thanks-offering, amounting in all to \$122.00, everybody went home pleased that had met—sorry to part, and joyous in anticipation of meeting again next Thanksgiving day, arrangements having been made to make this an annual affair.

#### FESTUS.

Nov. 27th, 1877

#### BETHANY.

An old friend called upon us one day this week, and in response to a request to give us a report of the late Tea Meeting at Morven sends us as following:

Why, good morning Mr. Editor, glad to see you, I declare you are the same goodnatured obliging little man I used to meet so often in the *New Nation* Office. Happy to find the Napanee Express has fallen into the hands of one so well qualified for the Editor's Sanctum. Well, well, don't this beat all? Sold out in Pictou and bought here, eh? Hope you will enjoy your new relations, I don't wish to disturb you, but I just called to pay for those Anniversary bills for the M. E. Church Bethany. Oh, by the way, I believe nothing has been said about that show, well I tell you we had a big time, you see Mr. Editor how it happened. The congregation at Bethany, I suppose for natural singing ability can't be surpassed in a country crowd anywhere. All that was wanted was a machine to start them. So Rev. Stratton, their pastor, with his strong love for music urged them to be equal to their neighbors, and purchase an organ. Of course as he sells the cheapest and best they bought of him. Well, all went well enough until money was required. To provide for this Anniversary services were held as announced, Rev. C. S. Eastman of Pictou filled the pulpit on Sabbath three times. To say the sermons were good would not be a proper word to use. To give a synopsis would be to spoil them. He won golden opinions, and did great good for his Master. Monday night came, and as it was before the last rain storm began, they had a fine night and a good house. Tea superb. The choir was ably filled by Irvine Parks, Esq., a rising young man of no ordinary ability. Well now, as to the speeches they were splendid. The first speaker was the Rev. Mr. Shorts of Mill Point, sharp, pithy, and went catching quails, in a very humorous manner. Rev. C. S. Eastman was next called upon, and gave a very sound and solid address. Next came the witty jocosclever P. E. Rev. I. B. Aylsworth, M. A. L. L. B., and last came Rev. Dr. Hartley of Napanee, who is ever ready for the rostrum. The last two speakers, are so well known about your town that eulogies on their efforts, would be idle. I believe you editors don't like to be bothered with lauders, but I crave your indulgence. The solos, quartets, anthems, and full choruses were of the best selections, and rendered with such ability as to send a thrill of pleasure through the entire audience. The organist, the Misses Woodcock, Miss A. Miller and Miss Stratton led with great celerity. The choir singing is being conducted by Mr. N. Woodcock a gentleman, who is doing much to elevate the science of music. The wind up beats all the rest, for the entire offerings to the organ funds, netted the handsome sum of \$139.50 cash. This has been nicely supplemented since. I tell you the Bethany people are proud of their success. I ask your pardon, for detaining you so long, but if course editors ought to know all particulars about everything. Hope you

The Port Perry *Observer* favours the drainage of Lake Seaugo, while the *Standard* argues that the proposed plan will prove futile.

A member of the Quebec Provincial Police force has gone to Chicago to look after Bartley, the supposed murderer of Sergeant Dore in Beauce. One of Pinkerton's detectives is also said to be hunting the murderer in Maine.

Letters from England state that Canadian barley is in great request for malting purposes.

The Government steamer *Newfield* sailed from Montreal yesterday for Paris with goods for the Exhibition. Dr. May is preparing for the Exhibition a large collection of Canadian fish, game, and fruit.

Last season's *Hanard* is ready for distribution.

A Reform Association has been formed at Port Hope.

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The workmen employed on the iron railway bridge over the St. Maurice at Three Rivers struck on Monday and subsequently assailed men sent from Quebec to replace them.

#### American.

Another Cuban filibustering expedition is said to be in preparation, the steamers to start from New Orleans, Bristol, and Philadelphia.

A regiment of Mexican regulars has arrived at the mouth of the Rio Grande. They are the first detachment of a force of 2,500 men ordered to the frontier by Diaz to preserve order.

Six of the great Chinese companies in San Francisco have appealed to Washington for protection against violence, and the observance of treaty obligations.

A writer in *Harper's Monthly*, who has lived in Alaska for ten years, says the land is worthless and the seal fisheries likely to be soon exhausted. There are but one hundred white persons in the country.

A family near Slaughtersville, Ky., has been driven from home by rattlesnakes, which have taken up their quarters under the house. The neighbours had rallied, and at last reports had killed twenty-seven, and were still on guard.

The attention of the United States Government has been formally called by the Mexican Government to the existence on the north bank of the Rio Grande of a camp of supposed filibusters, and the Washington authorities have been asked to insist on the neutrality laws being respected.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that Dr. S. I. Russell, a prominent physician, but infidel in religious faith, of Bell county, Ill., was recently taken from his bed at night by a company of men said to be members of the Baptist church, stripped, and addressed thus:—"We know you are an honest man and a good physician, but we will tolerate no infidels in Bell county; so, by the help of God, we will stop your career of infidelity." A hundred lashes were then laid upon his naked back. He was then freed, and a notice posted on a tree that hereafter infidelity in Bell county will be punished by the torch and halter."

#### Continent.

The Pope received a deputation of French pilgrims on Tuesday, being carried into the audience room on a litter. He is so weak, however, that he has since suspended his audiences.

#### WRECK OF A NAN-OF-WAR.

##### A NUMBER OF LIVES LOST.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24.—The observer at Kitty Hawk reports that the United States man-of-war steamer *Huron* struck two miles north of No. 7 station, at 1:30 a. m. Her foremast and main-topmast are gone. The steamer is a total wreck, and assistance is needed immediately. The sea is breaking over her,

of about for the use of Osman Pasha's army. It is but a few days ago that Plevna was reported to be well victualled the Russians themselves stating that large herds of cattle were to be seen within the lines of the besieged, so that this rumour from the Danube would appear to lack authenticity. A great battle is to be progressing at Tirnova, and a slight engagement has occurred in the direction of Orchanic which two Russian regiments were all but out to places.

There is fresh trouble in Greece, the Ministry having resigned in consequence of language used during the recent debate in the Chamber, and the King refusing to accept their resignations. The populace give vent to a general feeling in favour of war with Turkey.

From Manchester an alarmist rumour with regard to the feeling in England comes to hand. Stripped of its sensational adornments, the report may be taken to mean—at least until more authentic news is received—that the Conservative organs are clamouring for intervention. The rest of the despatch bears a marked resemblance to the alarmist reports received day after day during the earlier stages of the war.

#### Monday.

Sensational reports respecting both the attitude of the Powers and the movements of the belligerents appear to be the order of the day. While last week's rumours respecting Osman Pasha's intention of surrendering, and the inauguration of negotiations looking towards mediation are contradicted, a fresh batch of improbable reports are served up. It is now stated that Russia is willing to entertain peace proposals, and as a fitting pendant to this unlikely story, we are told of a Parisian rumour that England has sent an ultimatum to Russia. The story is as improbable as the other, while a third improbability is given in a rumour that Osman Pasha has broken through the lines at Plevna. Even Turkish advices admit that Osman's position is hopeless unless Mehemet Ali manages to come to his rescue in time, and every effort will be made in this direction.

Servia is evidently preparing for a warlike movement, the inhabitants of the south-eastern towns having received notice to quit, and the second-class militia having been instructed to mobilize and to hold themselves in readiness to march to the border.

A hundred and fifty thousand civic guards have been called out in Constantinople and the provinces to maintain order in case the Christians should be called upon to join the general levy.

#### Tuesday.

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From Montenegro it is announced that the Insurgents have retired beyond the Bojana, and that a Turkish fleet of iron-clads is expected at Antivari. Servia is about to make her long delay forward movement, the order having been given for an advance to the frontier on the 29th inst.

#### Wednesday.

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And in regard, being assured of the loyalty of the inhabitants of our said Province of Manitoba, and of the firm establishment of peace, order, and good government therein, and about one-half of the said period of five years having now elapsed. We are willing to extend to the said W. B. O'Donoghue our Royal mercy, subject to the same terms and conditions upon which our Royal mercy was extended to the said Louis Reil and Ambrose Lepine.

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The various schemes of the dead beats which are infesting the Province at the present time, for raising money re- amusing if thing were not so successful. We hear of one who, after selecting his victim, approaches him with small offering of security, what appears to be a massive gold ring, marked 18 carats. Upon test, however, it is found to be worth a few cents only. The public can not be too cautious in dealing with suspicious strangers, as their plausibility is remarkably deceiving.

## MARKETS.

(Corrected weekly.)

NAPANEE Nov. 15th.

(Report by Diamond and Sherwood, Napanee.)

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Pease—60c. per bushel.  
Barley—No 2, 55c. per bushel.  
Barley—No 1, 65c. per bushel.  
Wheat—\$1.10 per bushel.  
Flour—\$2.90 per cwt.  
Buckwheat Flour—\$2.75 per cwt.  
Bran—\$1.40 per ton.  
Shorts—\$2.20 per ton.  
Buckwheat—40c. per bushel.  
Wood—\$3.00 per cord.  
Coal—\$5.00 per ton.

(Report by the Market Clerk, Napanee.)

Hay—\$10.00 to \$12.00 per ton.  
Hides—\$7.00. to \$8.00 per cwt.  
Butter—20c. to 24c. per lb.  
Eggs—15c. per dozen.  
Beef per cwt.—\$3.00 to \$5.00.  
Bread—14c. per loaf.  
Coal—\$1.50 to \$3.00 per ton.  
Chickens—25c. to 30c. per pair.  
Ducks—40c. per pair.  
Flour—\$3.10 per cwt.  
Deacon Skins—40c.  
Lard—12c. to 15c.  
Lamb and Pigs—50c. to \$1.00  
Oatmeal—\$1.00. per cwt.  
Onions—70c. to \$1.00 per bushel.  
Potatoes—35c. per bushel.  
Pork—\$5.00 to \$6.00.  
Straw—\$3.00 to \$4.00.

#### BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

Wheat, \$1 15 to \$1 25.  
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Rye, 55c to 56c  
Oats, 30c to 33c  
Peas 60c  
Dressed Hogs, \$5 to \$6 per cwt.  
Butter, 18c. to 20c.  
Butter, 18c to 17c  
Eggs, 14c to 15c  
Potatoes, 50c to 60c per bag.  
Flour, Wholesale, \$5 50 per bbl.  
Apples, 60c to \$1 per bag.  
Cheese, 9c to 10c.  
Hay, \$11 to \$12 per ton

that was wanted was a machine to start them. So Rev. Stratton their pastor, with his strong love for music urged them to be equal to their neighbors, and purchase an organ. Of course as he sells the cheapest and best they bought of him. Well, all went well enough until money was required. To provide for this Anniversary services were held as announced, Rev. C. S. Eastman of Picton filled the pulpit on Sabbath three times. To say the sermons were good would not be a proper word to use. To give a synopsis would be to spoil them. He won golden opinions, and did great good for his Master. Monday night came, and as it was before the last rain storm began, they had a fine night and a good house. Tea superb. The choir was ably filled by Irvine Parks, Esq., a rising young man of no ordinary ability. Well now, as to the speeches they were splendid. The first speaker was the Rev. Mr. Shorts of Mill Point, sharp, pithy, and went catching quails, in a very humorous manner. Rev. C. S. Eastman was next called upon, and gave a very sound and solid address. Next came the witty jocosse clever P. E. Rev. I. B. Aylsworth, M. A. L. L. B., and last came Rev. Dr. Hartley of Napanee, who is ever ready for the rostrum. The last two speakers, are so well known about your town that eulogies on their efforts, would be idle. I believe your editors don't like to be bothered with lauders, but I crave your indulgence. The solos, quartets, anthems, and full choruses were of the best selections, and rendered with such ability as to send a thrill of pleasure through the entire audience. The organist, the Misses Woodcock, Miss A. Miller and Miss Stratton led with great celerity. The choir singing is being conducted by Mr. N. Woodcock a gentleman, who is doing much to elevate the science of music. The wind up beats all the rest, for the entire offerings to the organ funds, netted the handsome sum of \$133.30 cash. This has been nicely supplemented since I tell you the Bethany people are proud of their success. I ask your pardon, for detaining you so long, but if excuse flutters ought to know all particulars about everything. Hope you will succeed well in Napanee, come and see us, and bring along your wife, don't forget, good day.

#### A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY.

A North German newspaper gives an account of a discovery and invention, by means of which it is rendered possible wholly to overcome the force of gravitation so that a man in the last stage of consumption will, by employing it, be able to lift a body of any assignable weight; he could, for instance, easily draw up to the surface an iron-clad that had sunk to the bottom of a river, provided only the apparatus, which consists of a slender wire, could be made to grapple the ship so that its ends could be brought into contact with each other. Satisfactory experiments with the invention are said to have been made in the presence of German officers, as the price of divulging his secret method of accomplishing this unheard of results, the inventor—who is, by the way, a South German—demands the trifling sum of \$3,000,000.

Many years ago the British Crown sent to its faithful subjects in the colony of South California a chime of bells, which were hung in the steeple of St. Michael's—that graceful spire which a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren designed, and which is to-day the fairest as well as the first thing which one sees after crossing the harbour bar. These bells were captured by the British during the Revolutionary War, and were sent to England, where they have remained to this day. Although St. Michael's has of its own, an English merchant has offered to send back the old bells, and Senator Gordon has introduced in the Senate a resolution providing for their admission to this country free of duty.

the land is worthless and the seal fisheries likely to be soon exhausted. There are but one hundred white persons in the country.

A family near Slaughter'sville, Ky., has been driven from home by rattlesnakes, which have taken up their quarters under the house. The neighbours had rallied, and at last reports had killed twenty-seven, and were still on guard.

The attention of the United States Government has been formally called by the Mexican Government to the existence on the north bank of the Rio Grande of a camp of supposed filibusters, and the Washington authorities have been asked to insist on the neutrality laws being respected.

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The cause of the disaster was thick weather, and a fresh gale blowing. No assistance can be rendered from steamers as the surf is still very heavy. Paymaster Saunders, reported saved yesterday was lost. It is believed that it will be some days yet before all the survivors can be gathered up, as many may have been washed ashore lower down the beach. The *Huron* had a good complement of ship's boats, and it is not improbable that other survivors may still be heard from.

The *Huron* was an iron screw propeller, carrying four guns, of 541 tons. The wrecking steamer *Resolute* was dispatched to her assistance.

The *Huron* left Fort Monroe yesterday on a cruise to the West Indies. The theory of those well acquainted with the coast is that she got caught in the height of the gale and, while trying to hold on head to wind, her machinery gave way; her sails were useless, and she drifted ashore.

The life-saving station nearest to the point where the *Huron* went ashore had not been ordered on active work, it is intimated, because of the meagreness of the appropriations.

The secretary of the navy has ordered the surviving officers of the *Huron* to be brought here. They will probably arrive on Tuesday, when the particulars of the disaster will be disclosed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Commander Ryan, of the *Huron*, was considered one of the best of our naval officers. He was selected for observing the transit of Venus, and was recently ordered to the *Huron*. It is stated that loss of the Government by the disaster is nearly \$700,000.

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#### Wednesday.

The latest rumour relating to peace proposals is to the effect that Gortschakoff is busily engaged in diplomatic intercourse, propositions having been made for a conference on the conditions of peace.

A Servian battalion crossed the frontier yesterday for the purpose of defending some unprotected Bulgarian women and children, but were attacked by the Turks and driven back. The Roumanians are said to have occupied Zirn Palanka and Lom Palanka, on the south shore of the Danube, between Nikopoli and Widin. In the Balkan region the Turks have abandoned Orhanie for strategic purposes, and are entrenched in a strong position at the head of the neighbouring defile. Rumours are afloat at Constantinople that Mahmoud Damad Pasha is about to be removed in consequence of the fall of Kars.

Two hundred tons of iron ore are being got out now at the Snowdon mine for shipment to Cleveland, where it will undergo a proper test. Messrs. Shortiss & Sayigny, the owners of the mine, have a further order of 20,000 tons from the Bethlehem Bessemer Steel Works, Pa., to be delivered next summer. The Railway Company are locating a line to the mine, and will construct a hundred cars for the transportation of the ore.

The days of the lamplighter are numbered, and the time is at hand when he will exist only a story. Electricity is certain to take his place because it can work more cheaply. It has been tried for the purposes of lighting and extinguishing 220 street lamps in Providence, R.I., scattered over a district nine miles long. One man attends to the whole business, and does it in fifteen seconds. The method has now been on trial for some months, and a saving of \$10 per lamp per year is reported.

hear of one who, after selecting his victim, approaches him with small offering of security, what appears to be a massive gold ring, marked 18 carats. Upon test, however, it is found to be worth a few cents only. The public can not be too cautious in dealing with suspicious strangers, as their plausibility is remarkably deceiving.

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Coal—\$5.00 per ton.

(Report by the Market Clerk, Napanee.)

Hay—\$10.00 to \$12.00 per ton.  
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Butter—20c. to 24c. per lb.  
Eggs—15c. per dozen.  
Beef per cwt.—\$3.00 to \$5.00.  
Bread—14c. per loaf.  
Coal—\$4.50 to \$5.00 per ton.  
Chickens—25c. to 30c. per pair.  
Ducks—40c. per pair.  
Flour—\$3.10 per cwt.  
Deacon Skins—40c.  
Lard—10c. to 12c.  
Lamb and Pigs—50c. to \$1.00  
Oatmeal—\$4.00 per cwt.  
Onions—70c. to \$1.00 per bushel.  
Potatoes—35c. per bushel.  
Pork—\$5.00 to \$6.00.  
Straw—\$3.00 to \$4.00.

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Wheat, \$1.15 to \$1.25.  
Barley, 45c. to 57c.  
Rye, 55c. to 50c.  
Oats, 30c. to 33c.  
Peas 60c.  
Dressed Hogs, \$5 to \$6 per cwt.  
Butter, Roll, 15c. to 25c.  
Butter, Tub, 15c. to 17c.  
Eggs, 14c. to 16c.  
Potatoes, 50c. to 60c. per bag.  
Flour, Wholesale, \$5.50 per bbl.  
Apples, 60c. to \$1 per bag.  
Cheese, 9c. to 10c.  
Hay, \$11 to \$12 per ton.

#### TORONTO MARKETS.

Wheat, fall, per bu. \$1.20 to \$1.25  
Wheat, spring, per bu. \$1 to \$1.09  
Barley, per bu. 50c to 67c  
Oats, per bu. 35c to 35c  
Peas, per bu. 63c to 70c  
Rye, per bu. 60c  
Butter, in rolls, 20c to 22c  
Butter, large rolls, 20c  
Butter, tub dairy, best, 15c to 19c  
Flour, wholesale, \$5.50 per bbl  
Flour, Retail, \$6.00 per bbl  
Beef, Per quarter 3; to 5c  
Cheese, 9c to 10c  
Lard, 15c to 15c  
Tallow, Rough, 4c  
Tallow, Rendered, 7c to 7c  
Eggs, fresh, per doz. 17c to 18c  
Eggs, in lots, 15c  
Hay, \$11 to \$15 per ton

#### OSWEGO MARKETS.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 23.—1 p.m.

Wheat steady—No. 1, white Michigan \$1.44; white state \$1.42; No. Milwaukee club \$1.34.

Corn quiet—No. 1 Toledo 60c.  
Barley quiet—Sales 1,000; No. 1 Canada above grade 93c.

#### U. S. CHEESE AND BUTTER MARKETS.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 26.—8,000 boxes of cheese offered to-day, a falling off 2,500. 1,157 boxes were sold on commission, 1,462 boxes directly. The highest for September 12c. leading factory prices and extreme for October 12½. Average for all grades 11½c. Market duller and lower.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The cheese market is brisk to-day; not particularly active above last week's quotations. 80,000 boxes of factory cheese sold at 11½c. to 12½c. mostly 12c. 220 boxes of dairies went at 10½c. to 12c. only 60 boxes getting the latter figure. Butter—14c. packages sold at 20c. to 26c. mostly 24c. to 25c. being 1c. to 2c. less than last week.



WAR NEWS.

**Thursday.**  
The Russians success at Kars, while it as dispirited the Porte and disposed it in favour of peace negotiations, has proportionately emboldened the Russians, who are now beginning to talk of a dash through the Balkans upon Adrianople. They have at Tirnova some fifty-five or sixty thousand men who would be available for such a movement, which, if made at all, would be commenced simultaneously with Mehemet Ali's forward march to the relief of Plevna. There has been severe fighting both on the Danube, west of Nikopoli, and on the Lom. In the first-named district the Rumanians have captured Rahova after a three-days' engagement, and are pursuing the Turks towards Lom-Palanka and Widin. The Rumanian batteries at Kalafat have also sunk a Turkish steamer. In Eastern Bulgaria the result is more doubtful. Both sides claim the victory, but this much at least appears to be certain, that the Turks temporarily occupied and burnt Pyrgos. They also claim to have repulsed a Russian attack on Kadikoi, while the Russian account has it that the Turks were the attacking party and were driven back.

The Greek Chamber has shelved the motion for an enquiry into Turkish outrages in the frontier provinces, which amounts to a ministerial victory.

**Friday.**  
An attempt to relieve Plevna by a re-estimation of Mehemet Ali's tactics of threatening the Czarevitch and the Danube crossings, is believed to be in preparation on the Lom. This, with the announcement of the opening of the bombardment of Plevna, and of the proclamation of martial law along the Servian frontier—Serbia's declaration of war being hourly expected—constitute this morning's budget of news from the seat of war.

**Saturday.**  
A report comes to hand this morning that negotiations have been opened for the surrender of Plevna, and that orders have been received by Russian contractors at Giurgevo to prepare 70,000 bags of biscuit for the use of Osman Pasha's army. It is but a few days ago that Plevna was reported to be well victualled by the Russians themselves stating that large herds of cattle were to be seen within the lines of the besieged, so that this rumour from the Danube would appear to lack authenticity. A great battle is to be progressing at Tirnova, and a slight engagement has occurred in the direction of Orhanic which two Russian regiments were all but out to places.

There is fresh trouble in Greece, the Ministry having resigned in consequence of language used during the recent debate in the Chamber, and the King refusing to accept their resignations. The populace give vent to a general feeling in favour of war with Turkey.

From Manchester an alarmist rumour with regard to the feeling in England comes to hand. Stripped of its sensational adornments, the report may be taken to mean—at least until more authentic news is received—that the Conservative organs are clamouring for intervention. The rest of the despatch bears a marked resemblance to the alarmist reports received day after day during the earlier stages of the war.

**Monday.**  
Sensational reports respecting both the attitude of the Powers and the movements of the belligerents appear to be the order of the day. While last week's rumours respecting Osman Pasha's intention of surrendering, and the inauguration of negotiations looking towards mediation are contradicted, a fresh batch of improbable reports are served up. It is now stated that Russia is willing to entertain peace proposals, and as a fitting pendant to this unlikely story, we are told of a Parisian rumour that England has sent an ultimatum to Russia. The story is as

AMNESTY TO O'DONOUGHUE.

TEXT OF THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION,

OTTAWA, Nov. 24.—The following is the text of the proclamation of amnesty, published in the *Canada Gazette*:—

Whereas, Certain misguided persons did in the years one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine and one thousand eight hundred and seventy, in that part of our dominions in North America then known as Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory, and now forming the Province of Manitoba in our Dominion of Canada, oppose Our authority, and contrary to their allegiance to us did assume to exercise the powers and authorities of a Government, and did incite other persons to act in conjunction with them, being thereby guilty of high treason and other treasonable acts against our Crown and dignity.

And Whereas, By our Royal Proclamation, dated the twenty-third day of April, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five. We were pleased in compliance with an address of our House of Commons of Canada in that behalf, of the twelfth day of February, A. D. 1875, to proclaim in effect that save and except Louis Reil, Ambroise Lepine, and W. B. O'Donoghue, all persons whatsoever should be pardoned of all crimes or offences of a political nature or against us, our Crown authority, and Government committed in that part of Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory, now the Province of Manitoba, prior to the second day of September, A. D. 1870, with which they then stood charged or might be chargeable at that time as being dependent upon or connected with the part such persons, except as aforesaid, might have respectively taken in the year 1869 and 1870 prior to the second day of September, 1870, with regard to the matter above recited, and that the said Louis Reil and Ambroise Lepine should be pardoned in like manner upon the express condition that each of them should absent and keep himself absent from the Dominion of Canada for the period of five years from the said 23rd day of April, A. D. 1870, and abstain from the exercise and enjoyment of his political rights therein and for during the said term;

And Whereas, being well assured of the loyalty of the inhabitants of our said Province of Manitoba, and of the firm establishment of peace, order, and good government therein, and about one-half of the said period of five years having now elapsed. We are willing to extend to the said W. B. O'Donoghue our Royal mercy, subject to the same terms and conditions upon which our Royal mercy was extended to the said Louis Reil and Ambroise Lepine.

Now Know Ye, that We do of our Royal will and pleasure ordained, direct declared, and proclaim that the said W. B. O'Donoghue is and shall be acquitted, pardoned, released, and discharged from all and all manner of treasons, treasonable acts, felonies, seditions, misdemeanours, crimes or offences of a political nature, or against us, our Crown, authority, and Government, committed as herein before mentioned, with which he now stands charged or may be chargeable at this time, as being dependent upon or connected with the part he, the said W. B. O'Donoghue, may have taken in the years one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine and one thousand eight hundred and seventy, prior to the second day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy, with regard to the matters herein before recited, and that all proceedings in respect thereof shall cease, and determine upon this said express condition that the said W. B. O'Donoghue do and shall absent and keep himself from the Dominion of Canada for the period of five years, from the 23rd day of April, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, and abstain from the exercise and enjoyment of his political rights therein for and during the said term. And provided that upon breach of this condition by the said W. B. O'Donoghue, this our Royal proclama-

IMPROVEMENT ON FELT ROOFS

THE Subscriber would call the attention of the people of Napanee, to an improvement on Felt Roofs, invented by

Mr. Brokenshire, of the Atlantic Foundry, Kingston.

This Roofing Material is composed of Minerals which form a Cement, proof against either

Fire or Water,

It will not crack in winter, or get soft and run in summer, and when dry it is as hard as slate, and more durable than Tin or Galvanized Iron, in fact nothing else is now used in Kingston on felt roofs.

References to a few who have the roof in use:—  
Mr. C. F. Gilderleeve, Kingston;  
Messrs. Wagner & McMillan, Albion Hotel;  
Mr. McRae's Store, Princess Street, Kingston;  
Mr. Parker's Drug Store, Kingston;  
Mr. Thornton's Hotel, Kingston;  
Mr. Overend, Contractor, on his residence, do.;  
Kingston Street Railway Buildings;  
Rev. Mr. Gratey, Kingston;  
Atlantic Foundry, Kingston, and many others.

Any parties wanting New Roofs or Old Roofs repaired should see

NELSON GERMAN,  
Agent, Napanee.

Napanee, Nov. 18th 1877.

Business Change.

THE undersigned has sold out all his stock in trade to THOMAS SEAWARD, who will carry on the business in my old shop. All accounts due me must be paid forthwith.

ROBERT MOTT.

Bath, Nov. 2nd 1877.

FARM FOR SALE.

About 75 acres of the

BEST LAND

—IN—

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY,

5½ miles from Picton, and 8½ miles from Demorestville.

This is a rare chance to get a Choice Farm. It is well watered and nicely situated.

A Special Price to a purchaser before the 1st December.

Apply to

R McDOWALL,  
Demorestville, 29.

Or at this Office.

Insolvent Act of 1875.

CANADA: Province of Ontario. In the County Court of County of Lennox and Addington. the County of Lennox and Addington.

IN THE MATTER OF EDWARD KIMERLY BOWEN,

An Insolvent.

THE Undersigned has filed in the office of this Court, a Deed of Composition and Discharge, executed by his creditors, and on TUESDAY the SIXTH day of NOVEMBER next, he will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Napanee, October 6th, 1877.

E. K. BOWEN,  
By E. B. STONE,  
his Attorney, ad litem.



NOTICE is hereby given, that on and after the 1st day of July next, Shippers or Exporters of goods, by Vessel, Railway, or any other conveyance to any country or place, outside of the Dominion of Canada, must make export entries verified by oath at the Custom House, with particulars of quantity and value, under a penalty not exceeding \$200, and no clearance will be granted to any vessel until the said entries are made and verified.

J. BENSON, Collector,  
Custom House, Napanee June 25th, 1877.

1823. SEND FOR 1878

THE  
New York Observer

FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM of 175 Acres, the most desirable property in the County of Northumberland, for Sale. Being all that portion of lot No. 34 in Concession A, of the Village and Township of Brighton, lying North of the old Kingston Road, and only quarter of a mile from the P. O. and the centre of the village. Upon the premises are good brick and wooden buildings; a large orchard of young and bearing trees; a beautiful grove of pine and hardwood timber; spring creeks, and other advantages which rendered it desirable. Also several other good Farms and Village Properties for sale.

I. O. PROCTOR.  
Brighton.

7-tfd4

Land PLASTER

Now grinding and ready for use.

Superior Fine Ground  
Land Plaster,

AT THE LOW RATE OF

\$5 per Ton, or 25 cts. per Hundred. ALL orders left at the Mill, or at the Woollen Factory, for Williams' and Lasher's Water Lime, or Quick Lime, will be promptly attended to. Lime delivered when required. No Credit.

JAMES PERRY.

Napanee, March 5th, 1877. 46.

Important Notice.

\$2,000 WORTH OF  
New Bankrupt Stock,

JUST ARRIVED AT

MEAGHER'S.

Come and See. We are determined to sell cheaper than can be bought in a regular way. Our prices are far below the Wholesale Price.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

COTTON AND WINCEY SHIRTINGS.

PRINTS AT 5c. A YARD.

BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

Good Black Lustres at 15c. a yard.

Boots and Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, Remarkably Cheap.

Mens' Long Boots, \$1.50, Worth, \$2.50.

Boys' Long Boots 70c. worth \$1.50.

200 OVERCOATS,

From \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Every Line of Goods to be sold below Cost.

Don't fail to call and inspect before making your purchases.  
25-tf MEAGHER BROS.

UNION BAKERY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I beg to call the attention of the public to the Union Bakery, where you will find always on hand an abundant stock of

Bread, Cake, Biscuit and Confectionery.

All orders promptly attended to. Wedding Cakes a speciality. Baking done in the neatest manner.

...-Servia's declaration of war against the Serbs is hourly expected—constitute this morning's budget of news from the seat war.

**Saturday.**

A report comes to hand this morning at negotiations have been opened for the surrender of Plevna, and that orders have been received by Russian contractors at Giurgevo to prepare 70,000 bags biscuit for the use of Osman Pasha's army. It is but a few days ago that Plevna was reported to be well victualled by the Russians themselves stating that large herds of cattle were to be seen within the lines of the besieged, so that this rumour on the Danube would appear to lack authenticity. A great battle is to be expected at Tirnova, and a slight engagement has occurred in the direction of Jambouk which two Russian regiments are all but out to places.

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Servia is evidently preparing for a war movement, the inhabitants of the north-eastern towns having received notice to quit, and the second-class militia being instructed to mobilize and hold themselves in readiness to march to the border.

A hundred and fifty thousand civic guards have been called out in Constantinople and the provinces to maintain order in case the Christians should be called upon to join the general levy.

**Tuesday.**

The fall of Plevna now appears to be regarded as a foregone conclusion, the more so as the Roumanians have succeeded in carrying the important position of Pravetz, which Mehmed Ali was impelled to the recapture in order to secure the success of his relief movement, and as he moves his main body further east. The Russians are reported to be confident of the speedy reduction of Osman Pasha's stronghold that they have outmanned the preparations for entering in Bulgaria in the expectation that the fall of Plevna will lead to negotiations for peace. St. Petersburg advices state that the Russian Government are extremely anxious to exclude England from participation in any such negotiations, and is announced from Constantinople that the Sultan has expressed his intention of treating separately with the czar. The sensational reports given on the authority of the Manchester *Guardian's* London correspondent are denied, as it is to have been expected as also are the rumours for the forcing of the investment lines round Plevna.

From Montenegro it is announced that the Montenegrins have refused to accept the Russian proposals.

said Louis Reil and Ambrose Lepine should be pardoned in like manner upon the express condition that each of them should absent and keep himself absent from the Dominion of Canada for the period of five years from the said 23rd day of April, A.D. 1870, and abstain from the exercise and enjoyment of his political rights therein and for during the said term;

And Whereas, being well assured of the loyalty of the inhabitants of our said Province of Manitoba, and of the firm establishment of peace, order, and good government therein, and about one-half of the said period of five years having now elapsed. We are willing to extend to the said W. B. O'Donoghue our Royal mercy, subject to the same terms and conditions upon which our Royal mercy was extended to the said Louis Reil and Ambrose Lepine.

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The various schemes of the dead beats which are infesting the Province at the present time, for raising money re-arranging if thing were not so successful. We hear of one who, after selecting his victim, approaches him with small offerings of security, what appears to be a massive gold ring, marked 18 carats. Upon test, however, it is found to be worth a few cents only. The public can not be too cautious in dealing with suspicious strangers, as their plausibility is remarkably deceiving.

**MARKETS.**

(Corrected weekly.)

NAPANEE Nov. 15th.

(Report by Diamond and Sherwood, Napanee.)

Oats—20c. per bushel.  
Rye—75c. per bushel.  
Wheat—No 1—2.55c. per bushel.  
Barley—No 1—1.60c. per bushel.  
Wheat—No 2—1.10c. per bushel.  
Flour—No 1—\$3.40 per cwt.  
Buckwheat—\$2.75 per cwt.  
Bran—\$14.00 per ton.  
Shorts—\$24.00 per ton.  
Buckwheat—40c. per bushel.  
Wood—\$3.00 per cord.  
Coal—\$5.00 per ton.

(Report by the Market Clerk, Napanee.)

Hay—\$10.00 to \$12.00 per ton.  
Hides—\$7.00 to \$8.00 per cwt.  
Butter—20c. to 24c. per lb.  
Eggs—15c. per dozen.  
Beef per cwt.—\$3.00 to \$5.00.  
Bread—14c. per loaf.  
Coal—\$4.50 to \$5.00 per ton.  
Chicken—25c. to 30c. per pair.  
Ducks—40c. per pair.  
Flour—\$3.10 per cwt.  
Deacon Skins—40c.  
Lard—10-12c.  
Lamb and Pigs—50c. to \$1.00  
Oatmeal—\$1.00 per cwt.  
Onions—70c. to \$1.00 per bushel.  
Potatoes—35c. per bushel.  
Pork—\$5.00 to \$6.00.  
Straw—\$3.00 to \$4.00.

**BELLEVEILLE MARKETS.**

Wheat, \$1 15 to \$1 25.

**BEST LAND**

—IN—

**PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY,**

5½ miles from Picton, and 8½ miles from Demorestville.

This is a rare chance to get a Choice Farm. It is well watered and nicely situated.

A Special Price to a purchaser before the 1st December.

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Demorestville, 29.

Or at this Office.

**Insolvent Act of 1875.**

CANADA: Province of Ontario. In the County Court of County of Lennox and Addington. In the Matter of EDWARD KIMERLY BOWEN,

An Insolvent.

THE Undersigned has filed in the office of this Court, a Deed of Composition and Discharge, executed by his creditors, and on TUESDAY, the SIXTH day of NOVEMBER next, he will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected.

Napanee, October 6th, 1877.

E. K. BOWEN,  
By E. B. STONE,  
his Attorney, ad litem.



NOTICE is hereby given, that on and after the 1st day of July next, Shippers or Exporters of goods, by Vessel, Railway, or any other conveyance to any country or place, outside of the Dominion of Canada, must make export entries verified by oath at the Custom House, with particulars of quantity and value, under a penalty not exceeding \$200, and no clearance will be granted to any vessel until the said entries are made and verified.

J. BENSON, Collector.

Custom House, Napanee June 25th, 1877.

**1823. SEND FOR 1878**

**The New York Observer**

The Best Religious and Secular Family Newspaper. \$3.15 a Year, post-paid. Established 1823.

37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

22. SAMPLE COPIES FREE.



**CUSTOMS' DEPARTMENT.**

Ottawa, Oct. 12th, 1877.

Authorized Discount on American Invoices until further notice 3 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner.

**WINE IS A MOCKER.**

STRONG DRINK RAGING!

**Whosoever is Deceived thereby is not Wise,**

Therefore be not deceived by parties telling you that their STOVES are better than your old friend BOYLE'S. My Stoves are made of the Best Material (not of old iron, as asserted by others in the trade), and are also as good, if not better, because they are heavier and consequently throw out more heat, and have given good satisfaction.

**Give Me a Call Before Purchasing Elsewhere.**

No connection with any other Establishment in Town,  
But Manufacture and Repair

**Tinware of All Kinds,**

BY FIRST-CLASS MECHANICS, AND DO

**JOB WORK**

Of all kinds in my line, and keep a Large Assortment of

COOKING, PARLOR, COOK, BOX & COAL HEATING & DOUBLE STOVES.

**New Bannock Stock,**

JUST ARRIVED AT

**MEAGHER'S.**

Come and See. We are determined to sell Cheaper than can be bought in a regular way. Our prices are far below the Wholesale Price.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

COTTON AND WINCEY SHIRTINGS.

PRINTS AT 5c. A YARD.

BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

Good Black Lustres at 15c. a yard.

Boots and Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, Remarkably Cheap.

Mens' Long Boots, \$1.50, Worth, \$2.50.

Boys' Long Boots 70c. worth \$1.50.

**200 OVERCOATS,**

From \$5.00 to \$15.00,

Every Line of Goods to be sold below Cost.

Don't fail to call and inspect before making your purchases.  
25-11 MEAGHER BROS.

**UNION BAKERY.**

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

I beg to call the attention of the public to the Union Bakery, where you will find always on hand an abundant stock of

Bread, Cake, Biscuit and Confectionery.

All orders promptly attended to. Wedding Cakes a speciality. Icing done in the neatest manner.

In addition to my Bakery, will keep a general assortment of

**Groceries on Hand,**

SUCH AS

Tea, Sugar, Butter, Eggs, Syrups, Vinegar, &c.,

and the general wants of the public.

Remember the place, one door east, corner of Dundas and West streets, Napanee.  
25-11 NEIL SHANNON.



mit that Osman's position is hopeless less Mehmet Ali manages to come to rescue in time, and every effort will be made in this direction.

Servia is evidently preparing for a war movement, the inhabitants of the 17th-eastern towns having received notice to quit, and the second-class militia being instructed to mobilize and hold themselves in readiness to march the border.

A hundred and fifty thousand civilians have been called out in Constantinople and the provinces to maintain order in case the Christians should be led upon to join the general levy.

#### Tuesday.

The fall of Plevna now appears to be regarded as a foregone conclusion, the so-called Roumanians have succeeded in carrying the important position of Pravetz, which Mehmet Ali will be impelled to the recapture in order to assure the success of his relief movement, lest he moves his main body further east. The Russians are reported to be confident of the speedy reduction of man Pasha's stronghold that they have intermanded the preparations for entering in Bulgaria in the expectation that the fall of Plevna will lead to negotiations for peace. St. Petersburg advice is that the Russian Government are extremely anxious to exclude England from participation in any such negotiations, and is announced from Constantinople that the Sultan has expressed his intention of treating separately with the Serbs. The sensational reports given on the authority of the Manchester Guardian's London correspondent are denied, as it is to have been expected as also are the reports of the forcing of the investment lines round Plevna.

From Montenegro it is announced that the insurgents have retired beyond the janna, and that a Turkish fleet of ironclads is expected at Antivari. Servia is out to make her long delay forward movement, the order having been given an advance to the frontier on the 29th inst.

#### Wednesday.

The latest rumour relating to peace proposals is to the effect that Gortschakoff is busily engaged in diplomatic interference, propositions having been made at a conference on the conditions of peace.

A Servian battalion crossed the frontier yesterday for the purpose of defending the unprotected Bulgarian women and children, but were attacked by the Turks and driven back. The Roumanians are said to have occupied Zibru Palanka and m Palanka, on the south shore of the Danube, between Nikopoli and Widin. The Balkan region the Turks have undoned Orchanie for strategic purposes, and are entrenched in a strong position at the head of the neighbouring lake. Rumours are afloat at Constantinople that Mahmud Damad Pasha is out to be removed in consequence of the fall of Kars.

Two hundred tons of iron ore are being sent out now at the Snowdon mine for shipment to Cleveland, where it will undergo a proper test. Messrs. Shortiss & Lavigny, the owners of the mine, have further order of 20,000 tons from the Bethlehem Bessemer Steel Works, Pa., to be delivered next summer. The Railway Company are locating a line to the mine, and will construct a hundred cars for the transportation of the ore.

The days of the lamplighter are numbered, and the time is at hand when he will exist only a story. Electricity is about to take his place because it can be obtained more cheaply. It has been tried for the purpose of lighting and extinguishing 220 street lamps in Providence, R.I., scattered over a district nine miles long. A man attends to the whole business, and it does it in fifteen seconds. The method is now on trial for some months, and a saving of \$10 per lamp per year is expected.

which are infesting the Province at the present time, for raising money re amusing if it were not so successful. We hear of one who, after selecting his victim, approaches him with small offering of security, what appears to be a massive gold ring, marked 18 carats. Upon test, however, it is found to be worth a few cents only. The public can not be too cautious in dealing with suspicious strangers, as their plausibility is remarkably deceiving.

## MARKETS.

(Corrected weekly.)

NAPANEE NOV. 15th.

(Report by Diamond and Sherwood, Napanee.)

Oats—30c. per bushel.  
Rye—57c. per bushel.  
Peas—60c. per bushel.  
Barley—No. 2, 63c. per bushel.  
Barley—No. 1, 65c. per bushel.  
Wheat—\$1.10 per bushel.  
Flour—\$2.90 per cwt.  
Buckwheat Flour—\$2.75 per cwt.  
Bran—\$14.00 per ton.  
Shorts—\$24.00 per ton.  
Buckwheat—40c. per bushel.  
Wood—\$3.00 per cord.  
Coal—\$5.00 per ton.

(Report by the Market Clerk, Napanee.)

Hay—\$10.00 to \$12.00 per ton.  
Hides—\$7.00 to \$8.00 per cwt.  
Butter—20c. to 21c. per lb.  
Eggs—15c. per dozen.  
Beef per cwt.—\$3.00 to \$5.00.  
Bread—14c. per loaf.  
Coal—\$1.50 to \$5.00 per ton.  
Chickens—25c. to 30c. per pair.  
Ducks—40c. per pair.  
Flour—\$3.10 per cwt.  
Deacon Skins—40c.  
Lard—15c. to 12c.  
Lamb and Pelts—50c. to \$1.00.  
Oatmeal—\$1.00 per cwt.  
Onions—70c. to \$1.00 per bushel.  
Potatoes—35c. per bushel.  
Pork—\$5.00 to \$6.00 per cwt.  
Straw—\$3.00 to \$4.00.

### BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

Wheat, \$1.15 to \$1.25.  
Barley, 45c. to 57c.  
Rye, 55c. to 59c.  
Oats, 30c. to 33c.  
Peas, 60c.  
Dressed Hogs, \$5 to \$6 per cwt.  
Butter, Roll, 18c. to 25c.  
Butter, Tub, 16c. to 17c.  
Eggs, 14c. to 16c.  
Potatoes, 50c. to 60c. per bag.  
Flour, Wholesale, \$5.50 per bbl.  
Apples, 60c. to \$1 per bag.  
Cheese, 9c. to 10c.  
Hay, \$11 to \$12 per ton.

### TORONTO MARKETS.

Wheat, fall, per bu. \$1.20 to \$1.25.  
Wheat, spring, per bu. \$1 to \$1.09.  
Barley, per bu. 50c. to 67c.  
Oats, per bu. 33c. to 35c.  
Peas, per bu. 63c. to 70c.  
Rye, per bu. 60c.  
Butter, 18 rolls, 20c. to 22c.  
Butter, large rolls, 20c.  
Butter, tub dairy, best, 18c. to 19c.  
Flour, wholesale, \$5.50 per bbl.  
Flour, Retail, \$6.00 per bbl.  
Beef, per quarter, 3c. to 5c.  
Cheese, 9c. to 10c.  
Lard, 13c. to 15c.  
Tallow, Rough, 4c.  
Tallow, Refined, 7c. to 7½c.  
Eggs, fresh, per doz. 17c. to 18c.  
Eggs, in lots, 15c.  
Hay, \$11 to \$15 per ton.

### OSWEGO MARKETS.

Oswego, N. Y., Nov. 28.—1 p.m.  
Wheat steady—No. 1, white Michigan \$1.44; white state \$1.42; No. Milwaukee club \$1.34.  
Corn quiet—No. 1 Toledo 60c.  
Barley quiet—Sales 1,000; No. 1 Canada above grade 93c.

### U. S. CHEESE AND BUTTER MARKETS.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 26.—8,000 boxes of cheese offered to-day, a falling off 2,500. 1,157 boxes were sold on commission, 1,462 boxes directly. The highest for September 12c. leading factory prices and extreme for October 12½. Average for all grades 11½c. Market duller and lower.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The cheese market is brisk to-day; not particularly active above last week's quotations. 30,000 boxes of factory cheese sold at 11½c. to 12½c. mostly 12c. 220 boxes of dairies went at 10½c. to 12c. only 50 boxes getting the latter figure. Butter—14c. packages sold at 20c. to 26c. mostly 24c. to 25c, being 1c. to 2c. less than last week.

22. SAMPLE COPIES FREE.



## CUSTOMS' DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, Oct. 12th, 1877.

Authorized Discount on American Invoices until further notice 3 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner.

## Groceries on Hand,

SUCH AS

Tea, Sugar, Butter, Eggs,  
Syrups, Vinegar, & c.,

and the general wants of the public.

Remember the place, one door east, corner of Dundas and West streets, Napanee.

25 tf

NEIL SHANNON.

# WINE IS A MOCKER.

STRONG DRINK RAGING!

Whosoever is Deceived thereby is not Wise,

Therefore be not deceived by parties telling you that their STOVES are better than your old friend BOYLE'S. My Stoves are made of the Best Material (not of old iron, as asserted by others in the trade), and are also as good, if not better, because they are heavier and consequently throw out more heat, and have given good satisfaction.

Give Me a Call Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

No connection with any other Establishment in Town,  
But Manufacture and Repair

# Tinware of All Kinds, BY FIRST-CLASS MECHANICS, AND DO JOB WORK

Of all kinds in my line, and keep a Large Assortment of

COOKING, PARLOR, COOK, BOX & COAL HEATING & DOUBLE STOVES.

EXTRA CASTINGS FOR STOVES. STOVES REFITTED.

PLOUGHS & PLOUGH-SHARES OF ALL KINDS.

Yours truly,

H. BOYL, Agt.,

In Wm. Miller's Old Stand, Opposite Webster & Boyes.

Napanee, Nov. 14th, 1877.

# "The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating."

But it is only necessary for parties wanting either

COOKING STOVES, for Coal or Wood,

PARLOR STOVES, for Coal or Wood,

BOX STOVES or HALL STOVES,

To see our Stock to be Convinced that we have the

## Best Stoves in the Market.

Our "ST. GEORGE" Cooking Stoves,

And "SPLENDID" Hall and Parlor Stoves,

Are not equalled by any Stoves in Canada. Come and see, and be convinced.

ALWAYS ON HAND, A LARGE STOCK OF

STOVE PIPES

TEE PIPES,

ELBOWS,

DAMPER PIPES,

DUMB PIPES,

GALLOW PIPES,

EXTRA STOVE CASTINGS, &c., &c.

Our Stock is very Large and Complete, and Prices Lower than the Lowest.

Our Stock of Hardware is the Largest in the County, and our Prices ROCK BOTTOM!

# WRIGHT & Co.

Napanee, Nov. 14th, 1877.

## THE FINANCE MINISTER BEFORE HIS CONSTITUENTS.

Full Report of Mr. Cartwright's Speech at Napanee.

The following is the conclusion of the speech delivered by Hon. Mr. Cartwright, in the Town Hall, Napanee, on Friday evening, 2nd instant:—

And here I pause to review one curious charge these gentlemen are very fond of making. Whenever they have exhausted their repertoire I observe they invariably fall back on our alleged "general incapacity." Now this is a valuable formula. Any blockhead can repeat this. (Hear, hear.) Nothing is easier than to condemn a Government for "general incapacity." It requires no special proof, it admits of no special refutation, and it has the further advantage of being on a level with the meanest understanding. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) When you endeavor to analyse what this may mean, however, you will sometimes find that the charge is based upon our inability to cure a widespread general distress. Well, perhaps if our advice had been taken a year or two before we entered office it might have prevented some of this distress from occurring, or at any rate have left us in a better position to alleviate it had that been found practicable. (Hear, hear.) Now, it is quite useless to show these people that they ask us to do what no free Government under a Constitution like ours has ever done—least of all the Administration of Sir John Macdonald. Still the cuckoo cry goes on, and loudest on the part of those who, if they did not absolutely cause, at any rate did all that in them lay to aggravate the mischief and to tie our hands. Sir John Macdonald boasts loudly of the so-called reaction in his favour. Certainly we do not expect to repeat 1874. Such a majority as we then had is utterly unprecedented in our Parliamentary history, and indeed is hardly to be desired under our peculiar form of Government; but never was anybody more woefully mistaken than is Sir John Macdonald in imagining, as he evidently does, that the crowds who come to see and hear him (for the most part out of pure curiosity) depart his enthusiastic partisans, or that all the carefully rehearsed stage-play in which he and his followers delight will influence the sturdy and intelligent voters of this great Province on the day of polling. (Hear, hear.) It is true, indeed, as all history shows, that honest and good governments are not necessarily popular. An honest Government has to refuse many things to its warmest supporters. Aristides, as you know, got banished for his pains. Unhappily, as all who are acquainted with the inner circle of political life can bear testimony, there are in all countries many influential men who, for their own selfish ends, would deliberately prefer to see a rogue at the head of affairs. At least I fear the great majority of men secretly prefer a man who is partial to his own friends. That, after all, is only human nature, and if any of you suppose that even all Reform contractors, for instance, prefer Mr. Mackenzie's mode of conducting public works (though it has already saved millions upon millions to the people of Canada,) all I can say is that I fear you are very much mistaken. Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) No doubt in a political sense Mr. Mackenzie does run some danger from his stubborn honesty in this and many other matters, whereas Sir John Macdonald was never in all his life in the least peril on that score. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Sir, it was very lucky for us all that the people of Canada had at last such overwhelming proof of his dishonesty, for otherwise I verily believe we would never have got rid of him. Now you will all, I hope, understand that in criticising Sir John Macdonald, I am by no means blind to the many valuable and even brilliant qualities which he does undoubtedly

in which he has always shown greatest political weakness, has been in his utter incapacity to forego even a very trifling present gain for the sake of permanent advantage. Of this error his whole policy is full to overflowing. But to-night I will only select one very prominent illustration which is familiar to you all, and which, indeed, is the more firmly fixed in my own mind, because it is on so small a measure I am indebted for my own political salvation, inasmuch as it very early taught me to entertain a profound distrust alike of the honour and of the good judgment of Sir John Macdonald. Need I say that I allude to that famous device known to all of us as the "double shuffle." (Hear, hear.) This was precisely one of those acts to which Fouché's celebrated saying, "it was worse than a crime, it was a blunder," was specially applicable. Most of you, I do not doubt, would admit the wrong-doing, but few, perhaps, adequately comprehend the extent of the folly then committed. It was at a time when there were several exceedingly important questions to be settled, questions which had to be settled before any stable Government could be established in the old Province of Canada. Sir John, for reasons of his own, was unable or unwilling to undertake the task, and Mr. Brown was sent for. Now, two things were plain of demonstration. Either Mr. Brown would succeed in settling these questions, in which great gain would accrue to the country at large, or he would fail to settle them, in which event great gain would have accrued to Sir John individually, and to the party of which he was the chief. You know how he acted. By an unworthy backstairs intrigue he choused his rival out of his well established constitutional right to an appeal to the people. By a still more unworthy piece of legal juggling, he himself evaded receiving the verdict of his own constituents upon his individual conduct in the matter. (Hear, hear.) Sir, I tell you that an honorable man could not, and a sagacious statesman would not, have so acted; and I further say that the immediate results to Sir John Macdonald himself were the withdrawal from his side of a very great part of the best and most respectable men of his own party, the placing Mr. Brown in a position which secured him the sympathy of honest men of all classes, and lastly, the infliction of great and permanent injury for many years, both upon the whole country and upon his own party in particular. (Hear, hear.) And this is only a fair illustration of Sir John's whole political career when left to his own devices, and also of what I have always felt to be his two cardinal defects as a political leader—his innate propensity to resort to expedients only worthy of a sharp pettifogging attorney, and his utter incapacity to submit to the smallest personal inconvenience, no matter how important the results to his party or the country. Like Lowell's pious editor, Sir John Macdonald's creed may be defined pretty much as follows:—

In short, I firmly do believe  
In humbug generally.  
For that's a thing that I perceive  
To have a solid ally:  
This hath my faithful shepherd been,  
In pastures sweet hath led me,  
And this hath kept the people green,  
To feed as they have fed me.

(Laughter and cheers.) While for his motto he has long ago selected the old Epicurean one: "Let us eat, and let us drink (particularly and let us drink,) for to-morrow we may die." (Laughter.) Such a creed, and such a motto, though the worst possible for a statesman, even of a low order, are perhaps as good as can be devised for one who seems chiefly to aspire to be considered the prince of clever charlatans and past professor in the art of political lgerdmain, and this I fear is all that is now left for Sir John Macdonald. (Hear, hear.) And here, Sir, permit me to tell you a little anecdote. It is not often I trespass on you in that way. I am not much of a joker of jokes, as you very well know, and if I were, I can assure you that the post of

analysis I reply that it is the key to the state in which he left the country; that, without understanding his character, you would fail to realize the extent of the mischief which he has committed, or the dangers which would ensue from his possible return to power. Now, I have always admitted that during, and indeed for a short period after, the carrying of the Confederation project, Sir John's conduct on the whole was pretty good, and that if there is any part of his career respecting which future historians may pronounce that he really deserved well of his country, it would be found in the period from 1864 to 1869. But from that time he seems to have succumbed to a miserable lust for place. He saw clearly enough that he was losing ground, more particularly in the Province of Ontario, and he was either not wise enough to brave a temporary loss of power, even with the moral certainty of regaining it at no distant day, or else—which may possibly be the case—he was so conscious of the dishonest and miserable means by which he maintained himself in office, that he dared not abandon his place until the very last gasp, for fear of the revelations which he dreaded, perhaps with too much reason, would ensue in his expulsion from it, and therefore it was that, instead of meeting his enemies fairly and manfully in the open field, he must needs load the dice in the election of 1872. This he did in two ways: partly by a practical violation of that fundamental principle of our Constitution which provided that the several Provinces should be represented in Parliament in due proportion to their population, which he outraged by granting to Manitoba and British Columbia a representation out of all possible proportion to their numerical strength, for the open and avowed purpose of thereby neutralizing the additional votes which Ontario would become entitled to under the census of 1871, and partly by the use of Sir Hugh Allan's gold. Now consider, all of you, how infinitely better it would have been, not merely for Sir John himself, but for his party and for his country, if he had only possessed honesty and self-confidence enough to trust his fate fairly to the issue at the polls. True, he might, and probably would, have been defeated in 1872, but he would have been defeated without ignominy, without injury to his country, and in such fashion that he would in all human probability long ere this have found himself again restored to power. (Loud cheers.) Well, Sir, when all these expedients failed, when the result of the very first test vote in the session of 1873 showed him by how narrow a majority he was likely to be maintained, and still more when Mr. Huntington had thundered out his terrible indictment against his corrupt dealings with Sir Hugh Allan, a spirit of utter recklessness seems to have taken possession of him. He promised everything to everybody. He bribed everybody whom it was possible to bribe. He bribed the Provinces by agreeing to assume their debts. He bribed the members by doubling their indemnity. He bribed the Civil Service by bonuses, and by increasing the salaries of 1,381 of their number. He bribed constituents and whole districts by engaging in a profusion of public works from one end of this Dominion to the other. In one word, he seems to have determined that if he were not permitted to retain office, he would so entangle the affairs of this country as to render it all but impossible for any other men to govern after him. I hope he did not do this absolutely of express purpose, but I am bound to tell you that, whether designedly or not, he very nearly succeeded in effecting that result. He knew our enormous engagements. You have only to look at the Budget Speech of his Finance Minister, Mr. Tilley, to see that they were aware that at least \$60,000,000 (he should have said \$80,000,000) would require to be added to the national debt within a very few years; and yet during the concluding six weeks

did not retract, and I kept my in a very emphatic manner. What Sir John do? He can be bellicose on some occasions. No longer time one year before, during his own election in Kingston, in 1872, and on far provocation than I gave him. Sir had thought it not incompatible with dignity as Premier of this Dominion as Minister of Justice to perso assault my good friend Mr. Carru on the hustings, and then retreated retaliation behind a crowd of his p. ans. Here Sir John appeared to discretion the better part of va (Hear, hear.) Neither by look, nor gesture did he repudiate my charge. What he did was to take an early opportunity of slinking off the stand; no he reappear for several hours, alth continually called for, and then when by far the largest part of the ence had left the ground and the hou so advanced that it was utterly impos for me or anyone in my behalf to word in reply to him. He met his punishment. Always and on all sions, while he was himself in office was wont to protest against the pe ous practice of opposing a Minister Crown when he went back to his c. tuents for re-election. He set the earliest example of breaking through own rule, and what was his re. Why, this—that not merely was I ed by an enormous majority, but the result of my election, coupled that of Mr. Moss in Toronto, which lowed very shortly after, had a powerful bearing in bringing about in influencing the result of the ge election in 1874, the very last thing world which Sir John Macdonald possibly have desired. (Loud che. Now, Sir, it is noteworthy that alth four year have elapsed since that, and although Sir John has had a opportunity of assailing me on the of Parliament, he has abstained scrupulously, from making one sing flection in that arena of my personal duct towards himself. (Hear, hear. be sure he and his satellites indemnified themselves pretty full various p. nics and picnic effervesc and latterly have gone so far that i become absolutely necessary to l parties understand that though l constitutionally somewhat indiffer such attacks—that, in fact, before man can hurt my feelings, it is nee that I should hold him in some degr respect, and that I am therefore tole well casehardened to all assaults from quarters—still there are limits whi am bound to regard. (Hear, hear owe something to the position I hol owe more to the friends who place there and who support me in it; a would not do, as a mere matter of ta to allow the outside public to say that I did not reply to these ass either because I was afraid, or beca was incapable of responding. (I hear.) Sir John has made it his that he always knew me thoroughly Sir, once on a time he made it his he knew this constituency very thorly, (Laughter.) Sir John was com ably mistaken that respect in 187 some of us can testify; and he may come to understand that he has equally mistaken as to his knowledge its present representative; or at l inasmuch as I fully intend that he know me thoroughly before I have with him, that he was a little prem in his assertion. Anyhow there trifling contradiction in his statemen this point. Perhaps he will rise plain how it was that, if, as he say always knew me so thoroughly well, if, as he stated the other day, he v not have blamed me if I had left him the occasion of the Pacific Scand 1873, he thought it expedient to co himself with such marked civility to me during the long interval from 18 1873. (Hear, hear.) Was he t polite fibs then, or is he telling im ones now? Now, I am in no way an for testimonials from Sir John. But



and intelligent voters of this great Province on the day of polling. (Hear, hear.) It is true, indeed, as all history shows, that honest and good governments are not necessarily popular. An honest Government has to refuse many things to its warmest supporters. Aristides, as you know, got banished for his pains. Unhappily, as all who are acquainted with the inner circle of political life can bear testimony, there are in all countries many influential men who, for their own selfish ends, would deliberately prefer to see a rogue at the head of affairs. At least I fear, the great majority of men secretly prefer a man who is partial to his own friends. That, after all, is only human nature, and if any of you suppose that even all Reform contractors, for instance, prefer Mr. Mackenzie's mode of conducting public works (though it has already saved millions upon millions to the people of Canada,) all I can say is that I fear you are very much mistaken. Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) No doubt in a political sense Mr. Mackenzie does run some danger from his stubborn honesty in this and many other matters, whereas Sir John Macdonald was never in all his life in the least peril on that score. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Sir, it was very lucky for us all that the people of Canada had at last such overwhelming proof of his dishonesty, for otherwise I verily believe we would never have got rid of him. Now you will all, I hope, understand that in criticising Sir John Macdonald, I am by no means blind to the many valuable and even brilliant qualities which he does undoubtedly possess. It is to our own credit to admit these frankly, for otherwise we would condemn ourselves as a most miserable crew in view of the fact that for nearly twenty years Sir John Macdonald has occupied a very prominent place indeed in our public affairs. Sir, no man can have come into close contact with Sir John Macdonald without perceiving that he possesses great knowledge of human nature (especially of its weakest parts,) and great skill in trading thereon. I doubt if there ever was a party leader who understood better than he how to coax and cajole his friends or how to sow dissension in the ranks of his opponents. Then, too, he possessed great natural tact and debating power, backed by an enormous political and Parliamentary experience, and a very intimate acquaintance with the wants and passions of almost every section of our diverse and widely extended Dominion; while his wit, though of a very Rabelaisian character and too often disguised by coarseness and vulgarity, is nevertheless undeniable of its kind, and so is his excellent address and personal affability. Moreover, no one can dispute his immense vitality and versatility of character. He is what the Germans would call a "many-sided" man. Few men have better put in practice the apostolic precept of becoming all things to all men, though, I fear, for purposes and with results by no means such as the apostle either contemplated or would have approved of. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Lastly, Sir John Macdonald has always shown himself ready to sacrifice even his warmest friends at the shortest notice on the altar of the public good. Not even Artemus Ward could show more patriotism in the disposal of his wife's relations. (Renewed laughter.) You laugh, but this is really a very valuable quality. War and politics are no schools for weak pitics, and neither a great general nor a great statesman must hesitate about sacrificing some of his troops on fitting occasions. To do him justice, Sir John Macdonald has always possessed that quality of a great leader in almost absolute perfection. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Now all these are very valuable qualities for a successful party leader. They are, many of them, the very ones to dazzle the great mass of ordinary supporters, and perhaps it is not so very wonderful, after all, that they have buoyed Sir John Macdonald up under a load which very few could have borne. Not long ago, looking over a rather fulsome address presented to the right honourable gentleman by some ardent admirers, I saw that they wound up a very enthusiastic page-

country and upon his own party in particular. (Hear, hear.) And this is only a fair illustration of Sir John's whole political career when left to his own devices, and also of what I have always felt to be his two cardinal defects as a political leader—his innate propensity to resort to expedients only worthy of a sharp pettifoggish attorney, and his utter incapacity to submit to the smallest personal inconvenience, no matter how important the results to his party or the country. Like Lowell's pious editor, Sir John Macdonald's creed may be defined pretty much as follows:—

In short, I firmly do believe  
In humbug generally.  
For that's a thing that I perceive  
I have a special gift to see.  
This hath my faithful shepherd been,  
In pastures sweet hath led me,  
And this hath kept the people green,  
To feed as they have fed me.

(Laughter and cheers.) While for his motto he has long ago selected the old Epicurean one: "Let us eat, and let us drink (particularly and let us drink,) for to-morrow we may die." (Laughter.) Such a creed, and such a motto, though the worst possible for a statesman, even of a low order, are perhaps as good as can be devised for one who seems chiefly to aspire to be considered the prince of clever charlatans and past professor in the art of political legerdemain, and this I fear is all that is now left for Sir John Macdonald. (Hear, hear.) And here, Sir, permit me to tell you a little anecdote. It is not often I trespass on you in that way. I am not much of a joker of jokes, as you very well know, and if I were, I can assure you that the post of Finance Minister for some years back has been anything but a joke. My anecdote, however, is this. Some months ago Mr. Mackenzie addressed a very large meeting at Kingston. Now, you may remember, but a little time previously Sir John Macdonald had also made a speech in that city, on which occasion he had amused and edified his audience by an exhibition of his great dexterity in the use of the thimble and the pea. (Laughter.) Now, it so happened that the day after Mr. Mackenzie's meeting I came upon a couple of street boys, very busily discussing the performance. Being curious to discover how it had impressed the minds of my young fellow-citizens, I slackened my pace to hear what they had to say. I was not long in discovering that they were decidedly for John A.; but they were fair-minded little fellows for all that, and quite ready to admit that Mr. Mackenzie seemed to be a very honest man, who meant all he said, although, as one of them put it by way of summing up and final verdict, "After all he hasn't no such fun in him as John A.; he couldn't do a bit of thimble-rigging to save his life." (Laughter and cheers.) Gentlemen, that is just it. (Renewed cheers.) I accept that verdict. My hon. friend neither can nor will stoop to do a bit of thimble-rigging to save his life, and that, if you will look into it, you will find to be the reason why he need look for no such popularity as Sir John Macdonald's with street boys large or small, as well as with not a few children of larger growth. (Laughter and loud cheers.) In point of fact, Sir John's whole career has been little better—with one or two exceptions—than a kind of game of thimble-rigging. Those who were behind the scenes know right well that for many years Sir John possessed very little real power. That was in the hands of Sir George Cartier, and always in cases of emergency it was Sir George who decided the question according to his own will and pleasure. It was Sir George's behest which Sir John was forced to obey, not was he, after all, despite his wit and cleverness, very much better off than the attendant fiend in the hands of the magician. (Hear, hear.) To a great extent he was always balancing on the edge; always afraid of losing his place, or of being found out; and you will find conclusive proof of the truth of all this in just such blunders as the double shuffle, perpetrated to avoid the temporary inconvenience of facing his own constituents in the disgraceful errors which disfigured his conduct of Canadian interests throughout the treaty of Washington, committed partly. I do not

found himself again restored to power. (Loud cheers.) Well, Sir, when all these expedients failed, when the result of the very first test vote in the session of 1873 showed him by how narrow a majority he was likely to be maintained, and still more when Mr. Huntington had thundered out his terrible indictment against his corrupt dealings with Sir Hugh Allan, a spirit of utter recklessness seems to have taken possession of him. He promised everything to everybody. He bribed everybody whom it was possible to bribe. He bribed the Provinces by agreeing to assume their debts. He bribed the members by doubling their indemnity. He bribed the Civil Service by bonuses, and by increasing the salaries of 1,881 of their number. He bribed constituents and whole districts by engaging in a profusion of public works from one end of this Dominion to the other. In one word, he seems to have determined that if he were not permitted to retain office, he would so entangle the affairs of this country as to render it all but impossible for any other men to govern after him. I hope he did not do this absolutely of express purpose, but I am bound to tell you that, whether designedly or not, he very nearly succeeded in effecting that result. He knew our enormous engagements. You have only to look at the Budget Speech of his Finance Minister, Mr. Tilley, to see that they were aware that at least \$60,000,000 (he should have said \$80,000,000) would require to be added to the national debt within a very few years; and yet during the concluding six weeks of that fatal session, after Mr. Huntington's charges had been preferred, he wantonly and needlessly, unless indeed it were in the hope of escaping his just condemnation, saw fit to add the equivalent of at least \$33,000,000 more to our existing engagements. Why, Sir, six months more of Sir John Macdonald's rule would have meant hopeless national bankruptcy. Then we were called in—too late, I own, to prevent grave mischief, but fortunately not altogether too late to save you from the worst consequences of this folly. (Loud cheers.) As for ourselves, I simply say this—that in a financial point of view, at any rate, what we promised we have performed. Our position to-day is infinitely better in all essential respects than it was five years ago. A vast amount of the claims then existing have been finally disposed of. A great deal of our debt has been refunded. The International Railroad is completed, so is the Prince Edward Island Railroad; so are (with one exception) the Ottawa Canals. The bulk of our expenditure in both Welland and Lachine is well nigh over, and a great part of one of the most difficult and necessary sections of the Pacific Railway itself is approaching completion. Of our other engagements, with the exception of the Pacific Railroad (which must only be gone on with as the resources of this country fairly permit), we can truly say that the balance is within our grasp. (Cheers.) But accidents, the amount of our gross expenditure is very nearly fixed and our ordinary expenditure has been reduced from about eight and a half to a little over seven millions per annum. Very large loans have been effected in the English market on very good terms. Our calculations allowing for the unavoidable disturbance caused by a world-wide commercial depression, and by the occurrence simultaneously of an unusually bad harvest, are proving themselves accurate to a degree. There are signs in many quarters that the tide is at last turning to flood, and that you have seen, I most sincerely trust, the worst of the depression. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Passing now to another branch of my subject, I have a few words to say as to my personal relations to Sir John Macdonald, and also as to his position towards the Conservative party. I admit frankly that it is a matter of regret in the public interest that men occupying our respective positions should be at bitter personal feud; but you will do me the justice to remember that this quarrel was not one of my seeking in the first instance. All through I have acted strictly in my right when I openly and publicly

that I should hold him in some degree respect, and that I am therefore tolerably callous to all assaults from his quarters—still there are limits which am bound to regard. (Hear, hear.) owe something to the position I hold owe more to the friends who place me there and who support me in it; and would not do, as a mere matter of tact to allow the outside public to suppose that I did not reply to these assaults either because I was afraid, or because I was incapable of responding. (Hear, hear.) Sir John has made it his business that he always know me thoroughly. Sir, once on a time he made it his business to know this constituency very thoroughly. (Laughter.) Sir John was considerably mistaken that respect in 1871; some of us can testify; and he may come to understand that he has been equally mistaken as to his knowledge of its present representative; or at least inasmuch as I fully intend that he shall know me thoroughly before I have done with him, that he was a little premature in his assertion. Anyhow there is a trifling contradiction in his statement on this point. Perhaps he will rise to explain how it was that, if, as he says, always knew me so thoroughly well, if, as he stated the other day, he would not have blamed me if I had left him the occasion of the Pacific Scandal 1873, he thought it expedient to compromise himself with such marked civility to me during the long interval from 1866 to 1873. (Hear, hear.) Was he telling polite fibs then, or is he telling impudent ones now? Now, I am in no way anxious for testimonials from Sir John. But I tell you this, that during the session of these four years, from 1869 to 1873, there were very few weeks indeed during which I did not receive intimations from one or more of his emissaries that it was my fault if I was not welcomed back to fold, and the fatted calf was always ready to be slaughtered for the returning prodigal. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) There is a reverse to this medal. I do not make it my boast that I know Sir John Macdonald thoroughly well. My communications corrupt good manner and it may be that such knowledge would have been far from desirable. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) But I think, that from early boyhood I have unusual facilities—such, indeed, as men now living have possessed—knowing all about him. Now, I always spared Sir John greatly; partly for the sake of old associations, partly cause of my own dislike to mix personal and political matters together, and partly also because I have been obliged, against my will, to know many things about John which I did not think it proper to reveal, for much the same reasons as duce well conducted newspapers to short in their reports in certain cases cause they consider the "details unpublication." (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Neither is it my intention now, grave as the provocation I have received, although I am right well aware that John has privately set in circulation discreditable statements which he dares breathe in public, to retaliate in any fashion. I propose on the contrary, confine myself very strictly to well-known acts of misconduct committed in public and in the conduct of public affairs. These, at least, are fair game, and these I propose to deal. (Hear, hear.) And mark me, my friends, I bring no slanderous charge. For each and every statement I may make I have the power in readiness. If the bare recital of facts appear to you, as well it may, form as severe an indictment as ever was preferred against a public man, bear in mind that Sir John Macdonald, by his own deliberate act and wholly has brought down these exposures on his head. (Hear, hear.) And finally, Mr. Chairman, let us review Ottawa speech of Sir John Macdonald a little in detail, more especially as he has not hesitated to reiterate the statements it contains on several recent occasions. I will read you his first paragraph:

I shall say one or two words respecting my friend Mr. Cartwright. He is a Tory of the Family Compact and a fossil, not like myself, a Liberal Conservative, and considered

twenty years Sir John Macdonald has occupied a very prominent place indeed in our public affairs. Sir, no man can have come into close contact with Sir John Macdonald without perceiving that he possesses great knowledge of human nature (especially of its weakest parts,) and great skill in trading thereon. I doubt if there ever was a party leader who understood better than he how to coax and cajole his friends or how to sow dissension in the ranks of his opponents. Then, too, he possessed great natural tact and debating power, backed by an enormous political and Parliamentary experience, and a very intimate acquaintance with the wants and passions of almost every section of our diverse and widely extended Dominion; while his wit, though of a very Rabelaisian character and too often disfigured by coarseness and vulgarity, is nevertheless undeniable of its kind, and so is his excellent address and personal affability. Moreover, no one can dispute his immense vitality and versatility of character. He is what the Germans would call a "many-sided" man. Few men have better put in practice the apostolic precept of becoming all things to all men, though, I fear, for purposes and with results by no means such as the apostle either contemplated or would have approved of. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Lastly, Sir John Macdonald has always shown himself ready to sacrifice even his warmest friends at the shortest notice on the altar of the public good. Not even Artemus Ward could show more patriotism in the disposal of his wife's relations. (Renewed laughter.) You laugh, but this is really a very valuable quality. War and politics are no schools for weak pitics; and neither a great general nor a great statesman must hesitate about sacrificing some of his troops on fitting occasions. To do him justice, Sir John Macdonald has always possessed that quality of a great leader in almost absolute perfection. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Now all these are very valuable qualities for a successful party leader. They are, many of them, the very cues to dazzle the great mass of ordinary supporters, and perhaps it is not so very wonderful, after all, that they have buoyed Sir John Macdonald up under a load which very few could have borne. Not long ago, looking over a rather fulsome address presented to the right honourable gentleman by some ardent admirers, I saw that they wound up a very enthusiastic panegyric by describing him as "Canada's darling son." (Laughter.) Would it surprise you very much to know that I am not altogether disposed to take exception to that statement? Always and everywhere in my experience "mamma's darling" has been the naughtiest boy of the lot, and in after life, in the great majority of cases, he turns out the black sheep of the flock. (Loud laughter.) Unhappily, Sir John Macdonald's bad points are at least equally well marked. Speaking phenologically, I would say that his perceptive faculties decidedly outweighed the reflective, and the moral ones were chiefly conspicuous by their absence. I don't wish to blame him over much for his ambition, however great, but unfortunately it is coupled with an equally pronounced unscrupulousness, and, what is almost as bad in a statesman, with a very great want of foresight. Whether it arises from a lack of natural faculty or from deliberate purpose I cannot quite say, but he has always been entirely a man of expediency, never looking ahead (unless, perhaps, in matters of a purely personal nature,) and not unfrequently displaying great ignorance of many things which a man in his position ought certainly to have known. (Hear, hear.) His extreme selfishness, though it is well hid under the guise of superficial good-fellowship, has long been notorious to all who know him intimately, and what is more, it has over and over again misled him into misjudging others, and into supposing that their sole aim in life was, like his own, to promote their own personal aggrandisement in one shape or another. But perhaps the point of all others

large meeting at Kingston. Now, you may remember, but a little time previously Sir John Macdonald had also made a speech in that city, on which occasion he had amused and edified his audience by an exhibition of his great dexterity in the use of the thimble and the pea. (Laughter.) Now, it so happened that the day after Mr. Mackenzie's meeting I came upon a couple of street boys, very busily discussing the performance. Being curious to discover how it had impressed the minds of my young fellow-citizens, I slackened my pace to hear what they had to say. I was not long in discovering that they were decidedly for John A.; but they were fair-minded little fellows for all that, and quite ready to admit that Mr. Mackenzie seemed to be a very honest man, who meant all he said, although, as one of them put it by way of summing up and final verdict, "After all he hadn't no such fun in him as John A.; he couldn't do a bit of thimble-rigging to save his life." (Laughter and cheers.) Gentlemen, that is just it. (Renewed cheers.) I accept that verdict. My hon. friend neither can nor will stoop to do a bit of thimble-rigging to save his life, and that, if you will look into it, you will find to be the reason why he need look for no such popularity as Sir John Macdonald's with street boys large or small, as well as with not a few children of larger growth. (Laughter and loud cheers.) In point of fact, Sir John's whole career has been little better—with one or two exceptions—than a kind of game of thimble-rigging. Those who were behind the scenes know right well that for many years Sir John possessed very little real power. That was in the hands of Sir George Cartier, and always in cases of emergency it was Sir George who decided the question according to his own will and pleasure. It was Sir George's behest which Sir John was forced to obey, nor was he, after all, despite his wit and cleverness, very much better off than the attendant fiend in the hands of the magician. (Hear, hear.) To a great extent he was always balancing on the edge; always afraid of losing his place, or of being found out; and you will find conclusive proof of the truth of all this in just such blunders as the double shuffle, perpetrated to avoid the temporary inconvenience of facing his own constituents in the disgraceful errors which disfigured his conduct of Canadian interests throughout the treaty of Washington, committed partly, I do not doubt, from genuine ignorance, but partly also from an unworthy desire to curry favour with the Imperial authorities. You will find the proof in the ruinous and suicidal bargain entered into with British Columbia, in which, for the sake of securing half a dozen votes, and thereby outweighing the verdict of his own Province of Ontario, and saw fit to bind this country hand and foot, by one of the most outrageous stipulations which any man calling himself a statesman, ever agreed to enter into. (Hear, hear.) You will find it in his attempt to avoid the verdict of the electors in 1872, and in his refusal to avail himself of more than the honourable opportunity of retiring in 1873. For the rest, I hold him to be cold-hearted but not wantonly cruel; false, though (formerly at least) not inclined to prevaricate needlessly; and I am inclined to think quite as ready to do right as wrong, if only the former can be shown to be equally profitable. He has been called not unfrequently the Canadian Walpole. All I can say is that such a comparison is in my judgment very unjust to Sir Robert Walpole, who, whatever his errors, possessed very much more foresight and real patriotism, and who at any rate submitted with some dignity to the decisive verdict of his countrymen. (Hear, hear.) As to Sir John, if there be any distinction to which he can justly lay claim, I am afraid it is only this—that with other men of his stamp you may say that they are dangerous till they are found out, but Sir John is so far superior to the usual run that he is dangerous even after he is found out. (Hear, hear.) And now, Sir, you ask me why this lengthy

condemnation, saw fit to add the equivalent of at least \$33,000,000 more to our existing engagements. Why, Sir, six months more of Sir John Macdonald's rule would have meant hopeless national bankruptcy. Then we were called in—too late, I own, to prevent grave mischief, but fortunately not altogether too late to save you from the worst consequences of this folly. (Loud cheers.) As for ourselves, I simply say this—that in a financial point of view, at any rate, what we promised we have performed. Our position to-day is infinitely better in all essential respects than it was five years ago. A vast amount of the claims then existing have been finally disposed of. A great deal of our debt has been refunded. The International Railroad is completed, so is the Prince Edward Island Railroad; so are (with one exception) the Ottawa Canals. The bulk of our expenditure in both Welland and Lachine is well nigh over, and a great part of one of the most difficult and necessary sections of the Pacific Railway itself is approaching completion. Of our other engagements, with the exception of the Pacific Railroad (which must only be gone on with as the resources of this country fairly permit), we can truly say that the balance is within our grasp. (Cheers.) Bar accidents, the amount of our gross expenditure is very nearly fixed and our ordinary expenditure has been reduced from about eight and a half to a little over seven millions per annum. Very large loans have been effected in the English market on very good terms. Our calculations allowing for the unavoidable disturbance caused by a world-wide commercial depression, and by the occurrence simultaneously of an unusually bad harvest, are proving themselves accurate to a degree. There are signs in many quarters that the tide is at last turning to flood, and that you have seen, I most sincerely trust, the worst of the depression. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Passing now to another branch of my subject, I have a few words to say as to my personal relations to Sir John Macdonald, and also as to his position towards the Conservative party. I admit frankly that it is a matter of regret in the public interest that men occupying our respective positions should be at bitter personal feud; but you will do me the justice to remember that this quarrel was not one of my seeking in the first instance. All through I have acted strictly in my right when I openly and publicly withdrew my support from Sir John Macdonald in 1869. I was strictly in my right, and in the discharge of my duty as your representative, when I denounced his conduct in 1873; and so far was I on that occasion from using language of unnecessary harshness, or in any way needlessly lacerating his feelings, that even the *Mail* newspaper surely no friendly critic—described me as having patted him with a "paw of velvet." What was Sir John's own course on the other hand? Scarcely had I been sworn into office when he deliberately took occasion, at a banquet tendered him in Ottawa, to assail me in terms of extreme violence and to impute the basest and most discreditable motives for my conduct. Now, Sir, as Sir John Macdonald had never dared to say one word in reprobation of my action openly and to my face in the House of Commons, from 1869 to 1873, I held then, and I hold now, that his behaviour in so speaking behind my back was dastardly in the extreme (hear), and I lost no time, when that speech was brought to my notice, which was during my own election in 1873, in expressing my opinion of his conduct, and in challenging him to appear on the hustings here, and there repeat his words if he dared. (Hear, hear.) Well, Sir John Macdonald did accept that challenge, though after a fashion of his own. He did appear on the hustings, but he did not dare to repeat his statements, and you all know what happened there when, after reading his words aloud to the audience, I gave him the option of retracting them on the spot, or of being branded by me as a malicious slanderer. Sir John

more of his emissaries that it was my fault if I was not welcomed back to fold, and the fatted calf was always ready to be slaughtered for the returning prodigal. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) There is a reverse to this medal. I not make it my boast that I know John Macdonald thoroughly well. Communications corrupt good manners, and it may be that such knowledge would have been far from desirable (Hear, hear, and laughter.) But I think, that from early boyhood I have unusual facilities—such, indeed, as few men now living have possessed—knowing all about him. Now, I have always spared Sir John greatly; I have for the sake of old associations, partly because of my own dislike to mix personal and political matters together, and partly because I have been obliged, against my will, to know many things about John which I did not think it proper to reveal, for much the same reasons as duce well conducted newspapers to be short in their reports in certain cases because they consider the "details unfit for publication." (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Neither is it my intention now, grave as the provocation I have received, although I am right well aware that John has privately set in circulation divulgerous statements which he dare breathe in public, to retaliate in any such fashion. I propose on the contrary, to confine myself very strictly to well-known acts of misconduct committed in public and in the conduct of public affairs. These, at least, are fair game, and these I propose to deal. (Hear, hear.) And mark me, my friends, I bring no slanderous charge. For each and every statement I may make I have the proof in readiness. If the bare recital of facts appear to you, as well it may, form as severe an indictment as ever was preferred against a public man, bear in mind that Sir John Macdonald by his own deliberate act and willfully has brought down these exposures on his head. (Hear, hear.) And first, Mr. Chairman, let us review the Ottawa speech of Sir John Macdonald a little in detail, more especially as he has not hesitated to reiterate the statements it contains on several recent occasions. I will read you his first paragraph:

I shall say one or two words respecting friend Mr. Cartwright. He is a Tory of the Family Compact and a fossil, not like myself young Liberal Conservative, and considered an adventurer when I started in public life—but old fossil.

Now, there is an old saying—in *veritas*—which I take to mean, not any means that a man who is intoxicated always speak the truth, but rather that he is very apt under such circumstances to let his hearers get a glimpse of his feelings. In this sense, and in this sense only, there is a certain amount of involuntary truth in Sir John's implied confession that he was looked upon to a great extent by the more respectable members of his own party as a political adventurer. I have no doubt that there was a deep underlying root bitterness rankling in his mind against me, and arising from the fact that he knew well that I looked upon him very little better. Now, Sir, mark inconsistency. If, as he says, I was posed to regard him as an adventurer, how very little likely is it that he would be justified in holding me, as he alleges, immediately after, he did, as "his swiftest soldier and thick and thin support." Sir, I deny the imputation. Now, and under no circumstances had Sir John Macdonald the right to speak of me in any such terms. Certainly not in 18 when I was one of those who compelled him to stand aside in favor of Mr. A. A. Campbell, on the express ground that neither we nor the great majority of the people of Ontario were satisfied with his past conduct or disposed to put implicit trust in him. It was not in 18 when I formally warned him that if he did not conduct himself with more propriety, and attend better to his public duties, I would withdraw my support



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analysis. I reply that it is the key to the state in which he left the country; that, without understanding his character, you would fail to realize the extent of the mischief which he has committed, or the dangers which would ensue from his possible return to power. Now, I have always admitted that during, and indeed for a short period after, the carrying of the Confederation project, Sir John's conduct on the whole was pretty good, and that if there is any part of his career respecting which future historians may pronounce that he really deserved well of his country, it would be found in the period from 1864 to 1869. But from that time he seems to have succumbed to a miserable lust for place. He saw clearly enough that he was losing ground, more particularly in the Province of Ontario, and he was either not wise enough to brave a temporary loss of power, even with the moral certainty of regaining it at no distant day, or else—which may possibly be the case—he was so conscious of the dishonest and miserable means by which he maintained himself in office, that he dared not abandon his place until the very last gasp, for fear of the revelations which he dreaded, perhaps with too much reason, would ensue in his expulsion from it, and therefore it was that, instead of meeting his enemies fairly and manfully in the open field, he must needs load the dice in the election of 1872. This he did in two ways: partly by a practical violation of that fundamental principle of our Constitution which provided that the several Provinces should be represented in Parliament in due proportion to their population, which he outraged by granting to Manitoba and British Columbia a representation out of all possible proportion to their numerical strength, for the open and avowed purpose of thereby neutralizing the additional votes which Ontario would become entitled to under the census of 1871, and partly by the use of Sir Hugh Allan's gold. Now consider, all of you, how infinitely better it would have been, not merely for Sir John himself, but for his party and for his country, if he had only possessed honesty and self-confidence enough to trust his fate fairly to the issue at the polls. True, he might, and probably would, have been defeated in 1872, but he would have been defeated without guile, without injury to his country, and in such fashion that he would in all human probability long ere this have found himself again restored to power. (Loud cheers.) Well, Sir, when all these expedients failed, when the result of the very first test vote in the session of 1873 showed him by how narrow a majority he was likely to be maintained, and still more when Mr. Huntington had thundered out his terrible indictment against his corrupt dealings with Sir Hugh Allan, a spirit of utter recklessness seems to have taken possession of him. He promised everything to everybody. He bribed everybody whom it was possible to bribe. He bribed the Provinces by agreeing to assume their debts. He bribed the members by doubling their indemnity. He bribed the Civil Service by bonuses, and by increasing the salaries of 1,331 of their number. He bribed constituents and whole districts by engaging in a profusion of public works from one end of this Dominion to the other. In one word, he seems to have determined that if he were not permitted to retain office, he would so entangle the affairs of this country as to render it all but impossible for any other men to govern after him. I hope he did not do this absolutely of express purpose, but I am bound to tell you that, whether designedly or not, he very nearly succeeded in effecting that result. He knew our enormous engagements. You have only to look at the Budget Speech of his Finance Minister, Mr. Tilley, to see that they were aware that at least \$60,000,000 (he should have said \$80,000,000) would require to be added to the national debt within a very few years:

did not retract, and I kept my word in a very emphatic manner. What did Sir John do? He can be bellicose enough on some occasions. No longer time than one year before, during his own election in Kingston, in 1872, and on far less provocation than I gave him. Sir John had thought it not incompatible with his dignity as Premier of this Dominion and as Minister of Justice to personally assault my good friend Mr. Carruthers on the hustings, and then retreated from retaliation behind a crowd of his partisans. Here Sir John appeared to think discretion the better part of valour. (Hear, hear.) Neither by look, word, nor gesture did he repudiate my charge. What he did was to take an early opportunity of sinking off the stand; nor did he reappear for several hours, although continually called for, and then only when by far the largest part of the audience had left the ground and the hour was so advanced that it was utterly impossible for me or anyone in my behalf to say a word in reply to him. He met his fitting punishment. Always and on all occasions, while he was himself in office, he was wont to protest against the pernicious practice of opposing a Minister of the Crown when he went back to his constituents for re-election. He set the very earliest example of breaking through his own rule, and what was his reward? Why, this—that not merely was I elected by an enormous majority, but that the result of my election, coupled with that of Mr. Moss in Toronto, which followed very shortly after, had a most powerful bearing in bringing about and in influencing the result of the general election in 1874, the very last thing in the world which Sir John Macdonald could possibly have desired. (Loud cheers.) Now, Sir, it is noteworthy that although four years have elapsed since that time, and although Sir John has had ample opportunity of assailing me on the floor of Parliament, he has abstained most scrupulously, from making one single reflection in that arena of my personal conduct towards himself. (Hear, hear.) To be sure he and his satellites have indemnified themselves pretty fully at various picnics and picnic effervescences, and latterly have gone so far that it has become absolutely necessary to let all parties understand that though I am constitutionally somewhat indifferent to such attacks—that, in fact, before any man can hurt my feelings, it is necessary that I should hold him in some degree of respect, and that I am therefore tolerably well case-hardened to all assaults from such quarters—still there are limits which I am bound to regard. (Hear, hear.) I owe something to the position I hold. I owe more to the friends who place me there and who support me in it; and it would not do, as a mere matter of tactics, to allow the outside public to suppose that I did not reply to these assaults either because I was afraid, or because I was incapable of responding. (Hear, hear.) Sir John has made it his boast that he always knew me thoroughly. So, Sir, once on a time he made it his boast he knew this constituency very thoroughly. (Laughter.) Sir John was considerably mistaken that respect in 1873, as some of us can testify; and he may yet come to understand that he has been equally mistaken as to his knowledge of his present representative; or at least, inasmuch as I fully intend that he shall know me thoroughly before I have done with him, that he was a little premature in his assertion. Anyhow there is a trifling contradiction in his statements on this point. Perhaps he will rise to explain how it was that, if, as he says, he always knew me so thoroughly well, and if, as he stated the other day, he would not have blamed me if I had left him on the occasion of the Pacific Scandal in 1873, he thought it expedient to conduct himself with such marked civility toward me during the long interval from 1869 to 1873. (Hear, hear.) Was he telling polite fibs then, or is he telling impolite

and tell the House of Commons the reason why. It was not when his Finance Minister, Sir Alexander Galt, introduced his famous measure, proposing to lay hand on one half of the gold reserve then in the banks, nor yet two years later on, when Sir John Rose introduced another and different scheme for the reorganization of our banking interest. (Hear, hear.) Sir, I repeat that it was an insolent assumption on the part of Sir John to pretend that I ever held out to him any hope of his receiving my support unless I thought that on the whole he was conducting public affairs in the general interest; and when in 1869 I informed him that I would withdraw my support from his Government in the event of his taking in Sir Francis Hincks, I say that my reasons were good and valid ones, that I had a perfect right to decline to support Sir Francis in view of the circumstances under which the Cabinet had been broken up in 1854, and in view of the fact pointed out by me in the House that he had no pretensions to be recognised as a leader of the Reform party of the present time; and I may remind you that not only did I take this view of the situation, but that Sir Alexander Galt and Mr. Mackenzie Bowell both publicly expressed themselves on the floor of the House to precisely the same purport. Coming to the close of Sir John's remarks, I perceive that Sir John declares:

I have seen many instances of base conduct, ingratitude, and base treachery, but never in my life have I seen any man who has behaved so badly, so basely, and from such sordid motives, as Mr. Cartwright.

Well, Sir, I certainly did not expect to hear Sir John lecture anybody on the sin of ingratitude. It is enough to make the very dead rise from their graves. Does Sir John Macdonald suppose that I or others have forgotten his conduct to Sir Allan Macna, that I am ignorant of the manner in which he conducted himself towards Sir Alexander Galt, towards Mr. Hillyard Cameron, towards a host of others whom I could name? (Hear, hear.) Let Sir John, if he can give particulars of his charges, let him state if he can what I ever owed him, what favors he has ever done me, what services he has ever rendered to me, what assistance I have ever received from him. He dares to talk of his influence in Lennox! He dares to insinuate that I owed my seat in this constituency to his good words. Sir, I think it would be news to the people of Lennox that I owed my introduction to this constituency of Sir John Macdonald. I don't say it as a boast, but as a simple matter of fact, that for the last hundred years there have been very few families in Lennox in which the name I bear was not a well known household word. (Loud cheers.) Why, Sir, the truth is that my supposed connection with Sir John was a millstone round my neck from first to last. It is not true that I owed my election in this constituency to either party in particular. From the first I have numbered among my friends and supporters a great many men of both sides in politics. In my very first address in 1863, I took ground as follows:

I believe the country to be in such peril that it becomes every good citizen, Conservative or Reformer, to stand together firmly and lay aside all party disputes, at least till this danger be overpast, and I may urge this the more reasonably because I believe I am justified in saying that almost all the great questions which formerly divided those parties have been peaceably adjusted.

You know well, Sir, that I adopted the same line in 1867 and also in 1873. But let us bring Sir John's boast to the test of actual figures. When, in 1863, I first came before the electors of this country, I was earnestly pressed to disown and repudiate Sir John. That I refused to do, although stating frankly that he was not a man in whom I had perfect confidence. I was elected on that occasion by a majority of 285. In 1867, when I came forward as willing to give Sir John Macdonald a reasonable measure of support though expressly declaring that my

and himself again restored to power. (loud cheers.) Well, Sir, when all these expedients failed, when the result of the very first test vote in the session of 1873 showed him by how narrow a majority he was likely to be maintained, and still more when Mr. Huntington had thundered out his terrible indictment against his corrupt dealings with Sir Hugh Allan, a spirit of utter recklessness seems to have taken possession of him. He promised everything to everybody. He bribed everybody whom it was possible to bribe. He bribed the Provinces by agreeing to assume their debts. He bribed the members by doubling their indemnity. He bribed the Civil Service by bonuses, and by increasing the salaries of 1,381 of their number. He bribed constituents and whole districts by engaging in a provision of public works from one end of his Dominion to the other. In one word, he seems to have determined that if he were not permitted to retain office, he would so entangle the affairs of this country as to render it impossible for any other men to govern after him. I hope he did not do this absolutely of express purpose, but I am bound to tell you that, whether designedly or not, he very nearly succeeded in effecting that result. He won our enormous engagements. You are only to look at the Budget Speech of his Finance Minister, Mr. Tilley, to see that they were aware that at least 50,000,000 (he should have said \$80,000,000) would require to be added to the national debt within a very few years; and yet during the concluding six weeks of that fatal session, after Mr. Huntington's charges had been preferred, he calmly and needlessly, unless indeed he were in the hope of escaping his just condemnation, saw fit to add the equivalent of at least \$33,000,000 more to our existing engagements. Why, Sir, six months more of Sir John Macdonald's rule would have meant hopeless national bankruptcy. Then we were called in—so late, I own, to prevent grave mischief, but fortunately not altogether too late to save you from the worst consequences of this folly. (Loud cheers.) For ourselves, I simply say this—that at a financial point of view, at any rate, what we promised we have performed. Our position to-day is infinitely better in all essential respects than it was five years ago. A vast amount of the claims then existing have been finally disposed of. A great deal of our debt has been refunded. The International Railroad is completed, so is the Prince Edward Island railroad; so are (with one exception) the Ottawa Canals. The bulk of our expenditure in both Welland and Lachine is all high over, and a great part of one of the most difficult and necessary sections of the Pacific Railway itself is approaching completion. Of our other engagements, with the exception of the Pacific Railroad (which must only be one on with as the resources of this country fairly permit), we can truly say that the balance is within our grasp. (Cheers.) But accidents, the amount of our gross expenditure is very nearly fixed and our ordinary expenditure has been reduced from about eight and a half to a little over seven millions per annum. Very large loans have been effected in the English market on very good terms. Our calculations allowing for the unavoidable disturbance caused by a world-wide commercial depression, and by the occurrence simultaneously of an unusually bad harvest, are proving themselves accurate to a degree. There are signs in many quarters that the tide is at last turning to good, and that you have seen, I most sincerely trust, the worst of the depression. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Passing now to another branch of my subject, I have a few words to say as to my personal relations to Sir John Macdonald, and as to his position towards the Conservative party. I admit frankly that it is a matter of regret in the public interest that men occupying our respective positions should be at bitter personal feud; but you will do me the justice to remember that this quarrel was of one of my seeking in the first instance. All through I have acted strictly in the public interest, and I am satisfied

that I should hold him in some degree of respect, and that I am therefore tolerably well case-hardened to all assaults from such quarters—still there are limits which I am bound to regard. (Hear, hear.) I owe something to the position I hold. I owe more to the friends who place me there and who support me in it; and it would not do, as a mere matter of tactics, to allow the outside public to suppose that I did not reply to these assaults either because I was afraid, or because I was incapable of responding. (Hear, hear.) Sir John has made it his boast that he always knew me thoroughly. So, Sir, once on a time he made it his boast he knew this constituency very thoroughly. (Laughter.) Sir John was considerably mistaken that respect in 1873, as some of us can testify; and he may yet come to understand that he has been equally mistaken as to his knowledge of his present representative; or at least, inasmuch as I fully intend that he shall know me thoroughly before I have done with him, that he was a little premature in his assertion. Anyhow there is a trifling contradiction in his statements on this point. Perhaps he will rise to explain how it was that, if, as he says, he always knew me so thoroughly well, and if, as he stated the other day, he would not have blamed me if I had left him on the occasion of the Pacific Scandal in 1878, he thought it expedient to conduct himself with such marked civility toward me during the long interval from 1869 to 1878. (Hear, hear.) Was he telling polite fibs then, or is he telling impolite ones now? Now, I am in no way anxious for testimonials from Sir John. But I can tell you this, that during the sessions of these four years, from 1869 to 1878, there were very few weeks indeed during which I did not receive intimations from one or more of his emissaries that it was my own fault if I was not welcomed back to the fold, and the fattest calf was always ready to be slaughtered for the returning prodigal. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Sir, there is a reverse to this medal. I do not make it my boast that I know Sir John Macdonald thoroughly well. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and it may be that such knowledge would have been far from desirable. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) But I say this, that from early boyhood I have had unusual facilities—such, indeed, as few men now living have possessed—for knowing all about him. Now, I have always spared Sir John greatly; partly for the sake of old associations, partly because of my own dislike to mix personal and political matters together, and partly also because I have been obliged, against my will, to know many things about Sir John which I did not think it proper to reveal, for much the same reasons as induce well conducted newspapers to stop short in their reports in certain cases because they consider the "details unfit for publication." (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Neither is it my intention now, grave as is the provocation I have received, and although I am right well aware that Sir John has privately set in circulation divers slanderous statements which he dare not breathe in public, to retaliate in any such fashion. I propose on the contrary, to confine myself very strictly to well-known facts of misconduct committed in public, and in the conduct of public affairs. These, at least, are fair game, and with these I propose to deal. (Hear, hear.) And mark me, my friends, I bring no slanderous charge. For each and every statement I may make I have the proof in readiness. If the bare recital of the facts appear to you, as well it may, to form as severe an indictment as ever yet was preferred against a public man, bear in mind that Sir John Macdonald by his own deliberate act and wilful folly has brought down these exposures on his head. (Hear, hear.) And first of all, Mr. Chairman, let us review this Ottawa speech of Sir John Macdonald's a little in detail, more especially as he has not hesitated to reiterate the statements it contains on several recent occasions. I will read you his first paragraph:

I shall say one or two words respecting my friend Mr. Cartwright. He is a Tory of the old family. Compact and a fossil, not like myself, a

new to the people of Lennox. That I owed my introduction to this constituency of Sir John Macdonald. I don't say it as a boast, but as a simple matter of fact, that for the last hundred years there have been very few families in Lennox in which the name I bear was not a well known household word. (Loud cheers.) Why, Sir, the truth is that my supposed connection with Sir John was a millstone round my neck from first to last. It is not true that I owed my election in this constituency to either party in particular. From the first I have numbered among my friends and supporters a great many men of both sides in politics. In my very first address in 1863, I took ground as follows:

I believe the country to be in such peril that it becomes every good citizen, Conservative or Reform, to stand together firmly and lay aside all party disputes, at least till this danger be overpast, and I may urge this the more reasonably because I believe I am justified in saying that almost all the great questions which formerly divided those parties have been peaceably adjusted.

You know well, Sir, that I adopted the same line in 1867 and also in 1873. But let us bring Sir John's boast to the test of actual figures. When, in 1863, I first came before the electors of this country, I was earnestly pressed to disown and repudiate Sir John. That I refused to do, although stating frankly that he was not a man in whom I had perfect confidence. I was elected on that occasion by a majority of 285. In 1867, when I came forward as willing to give Sir John Macdonald a reasonable measure of support though expressly declaring that my support was contingent on his good behaviour, my majority was reduced to 145. In 1872, after I had had formally severed all political connection with him, and had published an address reflecting very severely on many portions of his policy, I was elected by a majority of 711. (Cheers.) In 1878, when Sir John took the field against me in person, when he used every imaginable exertion to compass my defeat, my majority rose to 833. (Loud cheers.) Sir, you can remember quite well when Sir John proceeded to this county in 1862, and virtuously assailed Mr. A. Hooper, the then candidate; you can remember, I say, Sir, that the consequence of Sir John's appearance was to elect Mr. Hooper by a majority of 465. When Mr. Senator Campbell in 1858 first contested the Cataraqui division, he being then in an attitude, to say the least, of decidedly armed neutrality as respected Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Campbell obtained a majority of some 80 in the township of Ernestown, which was the only part of Lennox incorporated in that division. But when, in 1864, Mr. Campbell returned as a member of Sir John's Government with Sir John by his side, that majority of 80 was converted in that same township into a minority of 78, and Sir John enjoyed the satisfaction of being hoisted by the men of Ernestown off the hustings at Odessa. Sir, I think I may fairly say that if any man could plead that he had the unanimous approval of his constituents to his political course, I am that man, so far at any rate as my withdrawal from all connection with Sir John Macdonald is concerned. I have appeared before you three times since 1863, and each time you have awarded me still stronger marks of your confidence than before. In 1872, as I have said, you elected me by a majority of 700, in 1877 by a majority of 800, and in 1878 you elected me without opposition at all. (Loud cheers.) You may have changed your minds since then, and I do not deny your right to do so. But surely you cannot say that your opinions then differed so widely from those of your representative. As for Sir John's recent speech, here I think we have pretty well disposed of the question of his influence in Lennox. But I perceive he must needs describe me as a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the benefit of Alexander Mackenzie." Now, hewing wood and drawing water may not be the pleasantest of occupations, but at least no one can say that they are not honest callings, and I have to tell Sir John Macdonald that I hold it no dishonour to serve my country, even if it be, as he says, in the capacity of a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water."

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redemption, saw fit to add the equivalent of at least \$33,000,000 more to our existing engagements. Why, Sir, six months more of Sir John Macdonald's life would have meant hopeless national bankruptcy. Then we were called in—late, I own, to prevent grave mischief, but fortunately not altogether too late to say you from the worst consequences of this folly. (Loud cheers.) For ourselves, I simply say this—that a financial point of view, at any rate, that we promised we have performed. In position to-day is infinitely better in essential respects than it was five years ago. A vast amount of the claims then existing have been finally disposed of. A great deal of our debt has been refunded. The International Railroad is completed, so is the Prince Edward Island Railroad; so are (with one exception) the Ottawa Canals. The bulk of our expenditure in both Welland and Lachine is all paid over, and a great part of one of the most difficult and necessary sections of the Pacific Railway itself is approaching completion. Of our other engagements, with the exception of the Erie Railroad (which must only be done on with as the resources of this country fairly permit), we can truly say at the balance is within our grasp. (Cheers.) Bar accidents, the amount of our gross expenditure is very nearly fixed at our ordinary expenditure has been reduced from about eight and a half a little over seven millions per annum. Very large loans have been effected in the English market on very good terms. Our calculations allowing for the unavoidable disturbance caused by a world-wide commercial depression, and by the occurrence simultaneously of an unusually low harvest, are proving themselves accurate to a degree. There are signs in many quarters that the tide is at last turning to ebb, and that you have seen, I most sincerely trust, the worst of the depression. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Passing now to another branch of my subject, I have a few words to say as to my personal relations to Sir John Macdonald, and also as to his position towards the Conservative party. I admit frankly that it is a matter of regret in a public interest that men occupying our respective positions should be at bitter personal feud; but you will do me the justice to remember that this quarrel was not one of my seeking in the first instance. All through I have acted strictly in my right when I openly and publicly withdrew my support from Sir John Macdonald in 1869. I was strictly in my right, and in the discharge of my duty as our representative, when I denounced his conduct in 1873; and so far was I on at occasion from using language of unnecessary harshness, or in any way needlessly lacerating his feelings, that even a *Mail* newspaper surely no friendly critic—described me as having patted me with a "paw of velvet." What was Sir John's own course on the other hand? I have been sworn into office when he deliberately took occasion, at a banquet tendered him in Ottawa, to sail me in terms of extreme violence and to impute the basest and most discreditable motives for my conduct. Now, Sir, as Sir John Macdonald had never read to say one word in reprobation of my action openly and to my face in the House of Commons, from 1869 to 1873, held then, and I hold now, that his behaviour in so speaking behind my back is dastardly in the extreme (hear), and lost no time, when that speech was caught to my notice, which was during my own election in 1873, in expressing my opinion of his conduct, and in challenging him to appear on the hustings here, and there repeat his words if he red. (Hear, hear.) Well, Sir John Macdonald did accept that challenge, and after a fashion of his own. He did appear on the hustings, but he did not dare to repeat his statements, and we all know what happened there when, reading his words aloud to the audience, I gave him the option of retracting them on the spot, or of being branded by me as a malicious slanderer. Sir John

did not receive intimations that one of more of his emissaries that it was my own fault if I was not welcomed back to the fold, and the fatted calf was always ready to be slaughtered for the returning prodigal. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Sir, there is a reverse to this medal. I do not make it my boast that I know Sir John Macdonald thoroughly well. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and it may be that such knowledge would have been far from desirable. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) But I say this, that from early boyhood I have had unusual facilities—such, indeed, as few men now living have possessed—for knowing all about him. Now, I have always spared Sir John greatly; partly for the sake of old associations, partly because of my own dislike to mix personal and political matters together, and partly also because I have been obliged, against my will, to know many things about Sir John which I did not think it proper to reveal, for much the same reasons as induce well conducted newspapers to stop short in their reports in certain cases because they consider the "details unfit for publication." (Hear, hear, and laughter.) Neither is it my intention now, grave as is the provocation I have received, and although I am right well aware that Sir John has privately set in circulation divers slanderous statements which he dare not breathe in public, to retaliate in any such fashion. I propose on the contrary, to confine myself very strictly to well-known facts of misconduct committed in public, and in the conduct of public affairs. These, at least, are fair game, and with these I propose to deal. (Hear, hear.) And mark me, my friends, I bring no slanderous charge. For each and every statement I may make I have the proof in readiness. If the bare recital of the facts appear to you, as well it may, to form as severe an indictment as ever yet was preferred against a public man, bear in mind that Sir John Macdonald by his own deliberate act and wilful folly has brought down these exposures on his head. (Hear, hear.) And first of all, Mr. Chairman, let us review this Ottawa speech of Sir John Macdonald's a little in detail, more especially as he has not hesitated to reiterate the statements it contains on several recent occasions. I will read you his first paragraph:

I shall say one or two words respecting my friend Mr. Cartwright. He is a Tory of the old Family Compact and a fossil, not like myself, a young Liberal Conservative, and considered an adventurer when I started in public life—but an old fossil.

Now, there is an old saying—in *vinum veritas*—which I take to mean, not by any means that a man who is intoxicated always speak the truth, but rather that he is very apt under such circumstances to let his hearers get a glimpse of his real feelings. In this sense, and in this sense only, there is a certain amount of involuntary truth in Sir John's implied confession that he was looked upon to a great extent by the more respectable members of his own party as a mere political adventurer, and I have no doubt that there was a deep underlying root of bitterness rankling in his mind against me, and arising from the fact that he knew well that I looked upon him as very little better. Now, Sir, mark his inconsistency. If, as he says, I was disposed to regard him as an adventurer, how very little likely is it that he would be justified in holding me, as he alleges, immediately after, he did, as "his sworn soldier and thick and thin supporter." Sir, I deny the imputation. Nowhere and under no circumstances had Sir John Macdonald the right to speak of me in any such terms. Certainly not in 1863, when I was one of those who compelled him to stand aside in favor of Mr. Alexander Campbell, on the express ground that neither we nor the great majority of the people of Ontario were satisfied with his past conduct or disposed to put implicit trust in him. It was not in 1866, when I formally warned him that if he did not conduct himself with more propriety, and attend better to his public duties, I would withdraw my support,

very severely on many portions of his policy, I was elected by a majority of 711. (Cheers.) In 1873, when Sir John took the field against me in person, when he used every imaginable exertion to compass my defeat, my majority rose to 833. (Loud cheers.) Sir, you can remember quite well when Sir John proceeded to this county in 1862, and virtually assailed Mr. A. Hooper, the then candidate; you can remember, I say, Sir, that the consequence of Sir John's appearance was to elect Mr. Hooper by a majority of 465. When Mr. Senator Campbell in 1858 first contested the Cataraugus division, he being then in an attitude, to say the least, of decidedly armed neutrality as respected Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Campbell obtained a majority of some 80 in the township of Ernestown, which was the only part of Lennox incorporated in that division. But when, in 1861, Mr. Campbell returned as a member of Sir John's Government with Sir John by his side, that majority of 80 was converted in that same township into a minority of 78, and Sir John enjoyed the satisfaction of being hooted by the men of Ernestown off the hustings at Olesca. Sir, I think I may fairly say that if any man could plead that he had the unmistakable approval of his constituents to his political course, I am that man, so far at any rate as my withdrawal from all connection with Sir John Macdonald is concerned. I have appeared before you three times in 1869, and each time you have assailed me still stronger marks of your confidence than before. In 1872, as I have said, you elected me by a majority of 709, in 1873 by a majority of 800 odd, and in 1874 you elected me without opposition at all. (Loud cheers.) You may have changed your minds since then, and I do not deny your right to do so. But surely you cannot say that your opinions then differed one whit from those of your representatives. As for Sir John's recent speech, here I think we have pretty well disposed of the question of his influence in Lennox. But I perceive he must needs describe me as a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the benefit of Alexander Mackenzie." Now, hewing wood and drawing water may not be the pleasantest of occupations, but at least no one can say that they are not honest callings, and I have to tell Sir John Macdonald that I hold it no dishonour to serve my country, even if it be, as he says, in the capacity of a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water." (Cheers.) Better do that, in the Cabinet of an honest and upright man, than have been associated with Sir John Macdonald in the picking and stealing, the charter selling, and the Northern Railroad speculation, that have stamped his later career with such deep and indelible infamy. (Hear, hear.) But let that pass. Sir John next goes on, in a fine flight of rhetoric, to accuse me of "having sold my constituency, sold my family honour, sold myself, and—oh, horror!—of having sold him (Sir John Macdonald) himself." Really, Mr. Chairman, this is quite a profusion of compliments. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

[CONTINUED TO THIRD PAGE.]

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id tell the House of Commons the reason why. It was not when his Finance Minister, Sir Alexander Galt, introduced a famous measure, proposing to lay out on one half of the gold reserve then the banks, nor yet two years later on, when Sir John Rose introduced another different scheme for the reorganization of our banking interest. (Hear, hear.) I repeat that it was an insolent assumption on the part of Sir John to pretend that I ever held out to him any hope of his receiving my support unless he thought that on the whole he was conducting public affairs in the general interest; and when in 1869 I informed him that I would withdraw my support from the Government in the event of his taking Sir Francis Hincks, I say that my reasons were good and valid ones, that I had a perfect right to decline to support Sir Francis in view of the circumstances under which the Cabinet had been broken up in 1854, and in view of the fact pointed out by me in the House that he had pretensions to be recognised as a leader of the Reform party of the present time; and I may remind you that not only did I take this view of the situation, it that Sir Alexander Galt and Mr. Mackenzie Bowell both publicly expressed themselves on the floor of the House precisely the same purport. Coming to the close of Sir John's remarks, I perceive that Sir John declares:

[I have seen many instances of base conduct, ingratitude, and base treachery, but never in my life have I seen any man who has behaved so badly, so basely and from such sordid motives, as Sir Cartwright.

Well, Sir, I certainly did not expect to hear Sir John lecture anybody on the sin of ingratitude. It is enough to make the very dead rise from their graves. Does Sir John Macdonald suppose that I or others have forgotten his conduct to Sir Allan Macnab, that I am ignorant of the manner in which he conducted himself towards Sir Alexander Galt, towards Mr. J. H. Cameron, towards a host of others whom I could name? (Hear, hear.) At Sir John, if he can give particulars of his charges, let him state if he can that I ever owed him, what favors he has ever done me, what services he has ever rendered to me, what assistance I have ever received from him. He dares to talk of his influence in Lennox! He dares to insinuate that I owed my seat in this constituency to his good words. Sir, I think it would be news to the people of Lennox that I received my introduction to this constituency from Sir John Macdonald. I don't say it a boast, but as a simple matter of fact, at for the last hundred years there have been very few families in Lennox in which the name I bear was not a well known household word. (Loud cheers.) Oh, Sir, the truth is that my supposed connection with Sir John was a millstone and my neck from first to last. It is true that I owed my election in this constituency to either party in particular. From the first I have numbered among my friends and supporters a great many men of both sides in politics. In my very first address in 1863, I took ground follows:

I believe the country to be in such peril that it comes every good citizen. Conservative or reformer, to stand together firmly and lay aside party disputes, at least till this danger be past, and I may urge this the more reasonably because I believe I am justified in saying at almost all the great questions which formerly divided these parties have been peaceably adjusted.

You know well, Sir, that I adopted the same line in 1867 and also in 1873. But to bring Sir John's boast to the test of actual figures. When, in 1863, I first came before the electors of this country, I was earnestly pressed to disown and repudiate Sir John. That I refused to do, although stating frankly that he was not a man in whom I had perfect confidence. I was elected on that occasion by a majority of 285. In 1867, when I came forward as willing to give Sir John Macdonald a reasonable measure of support though expressly declaring that my support was contingent on his good be-

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Belleville, September 1877.

(Cheers.) In 1873, when Sir John the field against me in person, when used every imaginable exertion to pass my defeat, my majority rose to (Loud cheers.) Sir, you can re-ember quite well when Sir John pro- to this county in 1862, and viru-ly assailed Mr. A. Hooper, the then- lity; you can remember, I say, that the consequence of Sir John's arance was to elect Mr. Hooper by a- rity of 465. When Mr. Senator pbell in 1858 first contested the Can- ul division, he being then in an- ule, to say the least, of decidedly ed neutrality as respected Sir John donald, Mr. Campbell obtained a- rity of some 80 in the township of estown, which was the only part of nox incorporated in that division. when, in 1864, Mr. Campbell return- a member of Sir John's Government. Sir John by his side, that majority was converted in that same town- into a minority of 78, and Sir John- ed the satisfaction of being hooted he men of Ernestown off the inst- at Odessa, Sir, I think I may fairly that if any man could plead that he the unanimous approval of his e- nents to his political course, I am that, so far at any rate as my withdrawal all connection with Sir John Mac- ald is concerned, I have appeared re- you three since 1869, and each- you have awarded me still stronger ks of your confidence than before. In- 2, as I have said, you elected me by a- rity of 700, in 1871 by a majority of- 61, and in 1874 you elected me with- out opposition at all. (Loud cheers.) You- have changed your minds since then. I do not deny your right to do so, and you cannot say that your- ions then did not come whit from e of your representatives. As for Sir- n's recent speech, here I think we e pretty well disposed of the question is influence in Lennox. But I per- e he must needs describe me as a- wer of wood and a drawer of water the benefit of Alexander Mackenzie, v, hewing wood and drawing water- y not be the pleasantest of occupa- ns, but at least no one can say that- are not honest callings, and I have- all Sir John Macdonald that I hold it- lishonour to serve my country, even if- ce, as he says, in the capacity of a- wer of wood and a drawer of water. eers.) Better do that, in the Cabinet- n honest and upright man, than have- associated with Sir John Macdonald- re picking and stealing the charter- ng, and the Northern Railroad pecu- n, that have stamped his later career- such deep and indelible infamy. ar, hear.) But let that pass. Sir- n next goes on, in a fine flight of- oric, to accuse me of "having sold my- titutency, sold my family honour, sold- elf, and—oh, horror!—of having- him (Sir John Macdonald)- self." Really, Mr. Chairman, is quite a profusion of com- ents. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

[CONTINUED TO THIRD PAGE.]

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